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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXI MARCH, 1910 No. 1

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Order of Minerva

When George III ascended the throne of England, one of his ambitions was to establish an order for literary men. It was to have been called the Order of Minerva. The knights were to have worn a star of sixteen points, and a yellow ribbon; and Dr. Johnson was talked of as President, or Grand Cross, or Grand Owl, of the society. The idea of an Order of Minerva struck Thackeray, writing nearly a century later, as being hugely amusing. "Consider," he wrote in the Roundabout Paper "On Ribbons," "the claimants, the difficulty of settling their claims, the rows and squabbles among the candidates, and the subsequent decision of posterity! Dr. Beattie would have ranked as first poet, and twenty years after the sublime Mr. Hayley would, no doubt, have claimed the Grand Cross. Mr. Gibbon would not have been eligible, on account of his dangerous free thinking opinions; and her sex, as well as her republican sentiments, might have interfered with the knighthood of the immortal Mrs. Catharine Macaulay. How Goldsmith would have paraded the ribbon at Madame Cornelys's, or the Academy dinner! How Peter Pindar would have railed at it! Fifty years later, the noble Scott would have worn the Grand Cross and deserved it; but Gifford would have had it; and Byron, and Shelley, and Hazlitt, and Hunt would have been without it; and had Keats been proposed as officer how the Tory prints would have yelled with rage and scorn!"

All of which led Thackeray to go on to play with the idea of an imaginary Order of Minerva in the England of 1860. "Which philosopher shall have the grand cordon?" he asks. "Which the collar?—which the little scrap no bigger than a buttercup? Of the historians—A, say—and C, and F, and G, and S, and T—which shall be Companion and which Grand Owl? Of the poets, who wears, or claims, the largest and brightest star? Of the novelists, there is A, and B, and C D; and E (star of first magnitude, newly discovered), and F (a magazine of wit), and fair G, and H, and I, and brave old J, and charming K, and L, and M, and N, and O (fair twinklers), and I am puzzled between three P's—Peacock, Miss Pardoe, and Paul Pry—and Queechy, and R, and S, and T, *mère et fils,* and very likely U, O gentle reader, for who has not written his novel nowadays?—who has not a claim to the star and straw-coloured ribbon?—and who shall have the biggest and largest? Fancy the struggle! Fancy the squabble! Fancy the distribution of prizes!"

Fancy the struggle! Fancy the squabble! But try to imagine the awful responsibility of any one of our own age and country who tries to establish an order of this kind! Think of the hoots of laughter, the blasts of scorn, that would greet every award. A ribbon for Mr. Indiana! A star for Miss North Carolina! When is the dismal farce to cease? Miss North Carolina is a veritable Will-o-the-Wisp, and as for Mr.

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Indiana, even to call his reputation local is a splendid exaggeration. There is hardly a month in which this attitude of amused derision is not brought forcibly home to the Chronicler of a literary magazine. We review a book without positively damning it. We print a harmless, and we hope fairly entertaining Unconventional Portrait of the author of the latest best seller according to the lists of, say, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., and Portland, Ore. The voice of the self-constituted Censor literally sizzles with contempt, *O tempora! O mores!* Why do they give space to this sort of mediocrity? Why don't they confine themselves to the people who are really worth while? If that be the standard of THE BOOKMAN, and so forth, and so forth. But pause a moment, Mr. Censor, we beg, and consider conditions not as you would like to have them, but as they are. How many men and women are there writing to-day whose works, it is agreed, are of permanent and enduring nature? Ten? Twenty? Thirty? Certainly not more. We cannot be prating all the time about the Division Officers, the Kiplings, Jameses, Hardys, Howells, and Barries. Occasionally a word or two must be flung to the second lieutenants, and even to the non-commissioned officers and lowly privates in the ranks. Take the portrait gallery of the concededly great in contemporary literature. How many months do you think it would go around without repetition? Would not you yourself be the first to bring the charge of narrowness of range, to demand variety, and to offer the suggestion that there were readers who might be interested in literary persons of more ephemeral worth?

It is so easy to ridicule and so difficult to offer the practical remedy. We do not confine these pages exclusively to the doings and portraits of writers of enduring reputation. We have never made any pretence of doing so. On the other hand, the fact that we devote a paragraph or two to an anecdote about some young woman who has written a clever detective story, or a bright little tale of adventure after the manner of *The Prisoner of Zenda,* does not imply that we have entirely forgotten that there once existed a Sir Walter Scott, an Honoré de Balzac, a Thackeray, a Dickens, and a Victor Hugo. After all, we do not think we have ever offended so very grievously. We cannot seriously be charged with finding *Vanity Fairs* and *Père Goriots* in every batch of new novels, and if to some entertainingly written yarn that is read to-day and forgotten to-morrow we hold out for the moment the hand of kindly recognition, don't, Mr. Censor, fall into misinterpretation, and ascribe to us an exaggerated enthusiasm that we have never felt, and to which certainly we have never given expression.

Again the Hundred Best

The latest list of the "One Hundred Best Novels" has recently been issued by a Maryland library. The announcement of the list is accompanied by the somewhat astonishing statement that "before this there was no list in existence for the guidance of the uninitiated through the labyrinth of fiction." Without correcting certain errors in spelling we print the list as a curiosity. It is, in spots, so deliciously absurd.

Allen	Kentucky Cardinal, Aftermath
Alcott	Little Women
Austin	Pride and Prejudice
Balzac	Pere Goriot
Barrie	Little Minister
Barrie	Sentimental Tommy
Besant	All In A Garden Fair
Besant & Rice	All Sorts And Conditions of Men
Black	A Princess of Thule
Blackmore	Lorna Doone
Bronte	Jane Eyre
Bulwer-Lytton	Last Days of Pompeii
Burnett	That Lass O' Lowries
Caine	Eternal City
Churchill	Coniston
Churchill	Mr. Crew's Career
Collins	The Moonstone
Connor	The Sky Pilot
Cervantes	Don Quixote
Cooper	The Deerslayer
Crawford	Saraceneca
De Foe	Robinson Crusoe
De Morgan	Alice for Short
Dickens	David Copperfield
Dickens	The Tale of Two Cities
Disraeli	Coningsby
Diver	The Great Amulet
Doyle	Hound of The Baskervilles
Dumas	The Three Musketeers
Eliot	Middlemarch
Eliot	Adam Bede

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Fogazzare	The Politician
Ford	The Honorable Peter Sterling
Fox Jr.	The Trail of The Lonesome Pine
Frederick	In The Valley
Gaskill	Cranford
Goethe	Wilhelm Meister
Goldsmith	The Vicar of Wakefield
Grant	The Chippendales
Hale	The Man Without a Country
Hardy	Tess of The D'Ubervilles
Hardy	Under The Greenwood Tree
Harte	Luck of Roaring Camp
Hawthorne	The Scarlet Letter
Hawthorne	The Marble Faun
Hichens	The Garden of Allah
Holmes	Elsie Venner
Howells	The Rise of Silas Lapham
Howells	A Hazard of New Fortunes
Hugo	Les Miserables
Hugo	Notre Dame de Paris
James	The Portrait of A Lady
James	Daisy Miller
Kingsley	Hypatia
Kingsley	Westward Ho!
Kipling	Captains Courageous
Kipling	Kim
London	Call of The Wild
Lever	Charles O'Malley
Lover	Handy Andy
MacDonald	Robert Falconer
Maclaren	Beside The Bonnie Brier Bush
Marryat	Peter Simple
Maupassant	The Odd Number
Meredith	The Ordeal of Richard Feverel
Meredith	The Egoist
Mitchell	The Adventures of Francois
Mulock	John Halifax, Gentleman
Muhlbach	Frederick The Great and His Court
Oliphant	Salem Chapel
Page	Red Rock
Parker	The Seats of The Mighty
Reade	Put Yourself In His Place
Reade	Cloister and the Hearth
Richter	Hesperus
Roe	Opening a Chestnut Burr
Seinkiewicz	Quo Vadis
Sand	The Snow Man
Scott	Kenilworth
Scott	Ivanhoe
Sinclaire	The Divine Fire
Smith	Peter
Steele	On the Face of the Waters
Stevenson	Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde
Tarkington	The Gentleman from Indiana
Thackery	Vanity Fair
Thackery	Pendenis
Tolstoi	Anna Karenina
Tolstoi	War and Peace
Trollope	Barchester Towers
Turgeniff	Father and Sons
Twain	Prince and Pauper
Twain & Warner	The Gilded Age
Ward	Marcella
Wallace	Ben Hur
Weyman	A Gentleman of France
Wharton	Fruit of the Tree
White	A Certain Rich Man
White	The Blazed Trail
Wister	The Virginian

Power of the Press

American readers of British periodicals during the recent general election must have taken heart. After all, our own political journalism could have done no worse. We felt quite patriotic as we read page after page of those awful archiepiscopal British weeklies as fast as they came out, and saw all the tricks of American yellowness performed with a stateliness of manner that strongly accentuated the meanness of the thought. Humbug very badly printed and coming out in hourly editions does not seem half so bad. To lie in an "extra" appears impulsive and almost pardonable. To see the same result set forth with grave decorum and at weekly intervals of premeditation was what cheered the downcast patriot. The *Saturday Review* ought to have appeared on pea-green paper. The articles on the navy in the London *Spectator* should have been printed in red and with enormous scare-heads. The *Atlantic Monthly* has recently published two interesting articles on the failing power of the press. In the first Mr. Edward Porritt gives a number of striking instances in England, Canada and the United States of the tendency of voters to take precisely the opposite course to that which the press has unanimously urged. His search for the causes does not take him very far. Mr. Leupp, in the February *Atlantic,* finds the source of the reader's growing indifference in certain large matters that we all know—the influence of the counting-room, commercialism, sensationalism, and so forth. To neither of them occurred the cheerful thought that this declining power might be due to the rising common-sense of readers. One likes to think that every reader of the political arguments in those sententious British reviews voted contrariwise. Nor is it quite incredible.

Here is an anecdote which Mr. Leupp uses to illustrate a point in his article. It bears all the marks of verity.

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This sort of conventional hypocrisy among the common run of people is easier to forgive than the same thing among the cultivated few whom we accept as mentors. I stumbled upon an illuminating incident about five years ago which I cannot forbear recalling here. A young man just graduated from college, where he had attracted some attention by the cleverness of his pen, was invited to a position on the staff of the New York *Journal*. Visiting a leading member of the college faculty to say farewell, he mentioned this compliment with not a little pride. In an instant the professor was up in arms, with an earnest protest against his handicapping his whole career by having anything to do with so monstrous an exponent of yellow journalism. The lad was deeply moved by the good man's outburst, and went home sorrowful. After a night's sleep on it he resolved to profit by the admonition, and accordingly called upon the editor, and asked permission to withdraw his tentative acceptance. In the explanation which followed he inadvertently let slip the name of his adviser. He saw a cynical smile cross the face of Mr. Hearst, who summoned a stenographer, and in his presence dictated a letter to the professor, requesting a five-hundred-word signed article for the next Sunday's issue and inclosing a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars. On Sunday the ingenuous youth beheld the article in a conspicuous place on the *Journal's* editorial page, with the professor's full name appended in large capitals.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his *Tremendous Trifles* has expressed the feeling of the normal man toward the two contrasting types of journalism.

If I had to choose between taking in the *Daily Mail* and taking in the *Times* (the dilemma reminds one of a nightmare), I should certainly cry out with the whole of my being for the *Daily Mail*. Even mere bigness, preached in a frivolous way, is not so irritating as mere meanness preached in a big and solemn way. People buy the *Daily Mail*, but they do not believe in it. They do believe in the *Times*, and (apparently) they do not buy it.

What is here said of the *Times* sounds violent, but it fairly describes much of the debating in those Buzfuz reviews during the election, except that when seen at this distance it seemed like burlesque. Each side so manifestly dodged the points at issue. The debate turned on little class horrors and bogey-words, and "shops and tomato sauce" innuendoes. One side hissed "rabble" and the other muttered "dukes." To call Mr. Lloyd-George a "little Welsh attorney" was supposed not only to annihilate him but to dispose effectually of the Budget. It was generally enough merely to imply that a word was repugnant to the writer—"radicalism," "socialism," *verbum sat*—or that the thought was outside his experience. "Our sacred British institutions" were constantly menaced on both sides, with no inkling to the reader of the nature of the peril.

The Great Gamblers

"In later times," said Barry Lyndon in his spirited defence of gambling, "a vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the character of men of honour engaged in the profession of play; but I speak of the good old days in Europe, before the cowardice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful Revolution, which served them right) brought discredit and ruin upon our order. . . . I say that play was an institution of chivalry: it has been wrecked, along with other privileges of men of birth. When Seingalt engaged a man for six and thirty hours without leaving the table, do you think he showed no courage? How have we had the best blood and brightest eyes, too, of Europe throbbing around the table, as I and my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terrible player, who was matching some thousands out of his millions against our all which was there on the baize! When we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven thousand louis in a single coup, had we lost, we should have been beggars the next day; when *he* lost he was only a village and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. When at Toeplitz, the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lackeys, each with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask? 'Sir,' said we, 'we have but eighty thousand florins in bank, or two hundred thousand at three months. If your Highness' bags do not contain more than eighty thousand, we will meet you.' And

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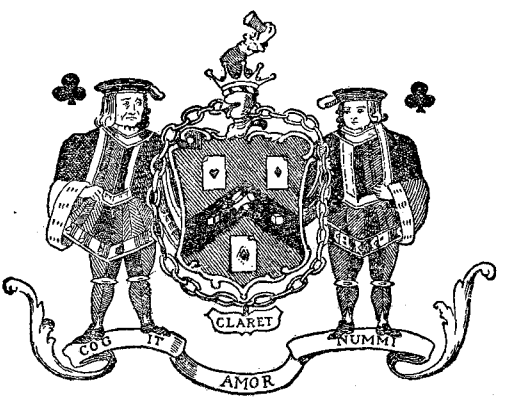
we did, and after eleven hours' play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to two hundred and three ducats, we won seventeen florins of him."

In much the same spirit Mr. Ralph Nevill sat down to write *Light Come, Light Go,* which has just come from the press of the Macmillan Company. The book is a record of Dame Fortune's triumphs and occasional failures in her perpetual fight against those who attempt to woo her. She was in the full flush of her glory in eighteenth century England, when the sums lost at games of chance were appalling even to the modern imagination. For example, Charles James Fox, "who joined Brooks's when he was sixteen, once sat in the club playing at hazard for twenty-two hours in succession, when he lost eleven thousand pounds. At twenty-five he was a ruined man, though his father had paid one hundred and forty thousand pounds for him out of his own property. In 1793 his friends raised seventy thousand pounds to pay his debts and buy him an annuity." Another player at the same club lost seventy thousand pounds, and everything else he possessed, including his carriage and horses, which were his last stake. General Scott, father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, is said to have won two hundred thousand pounds at whist. Colonel Henry Mellish "plunged" immediately after coming of age. At one time he lost forty thousand pounds by a single throw and is said to have forfeited a similar amount at a sitting to the Prince Regent. On another occasion he rose from the table the loser of ninety-seven thousand pounds, took his place again on the arrival of the Duke of Suffolk, and in two or three hours won one hundred thousand pounds from the newcomer.

Charles Fox's favourite game was faro, which is supposed to have been invented by a noble Venetian, who gave it the name of *bassetta.* The Venetian's fate was that of many great inventors. No sooner had *bassetta* come into favour than he himself was banished for the evils that had resulted from the game. "In 1674 Signor Justiniani, Ambassador from Venice, introduced it into France, where it was called *bassette.* Some of the princes of the blood, many of the *noblesse,* and several persons of the greatest fortune having been ruined by it, a severe law was enacted against its play by Louis XIV. To elude this edict, it was disguised under the name of *pour et contre,* and this occasioning new and severe prohibitions, it was again changed to the name of *le pharaon,* in order to evade the arrêts of Parliament. From France the game soon found its way to England, where it was at first called basset, but in the fashionable circles, where at that time it enjoyed a great vogue, it was invariably known by the name of faro.



THE WHIMSICAL OLD COAT-OF-ARMS OF WHITE'S CLUB

"Vert (for a card table); between three parolis proper, on a chevron sable, two rouleaux in saltire between two dice, proper. In a canton sable, a ball (for election), argent. Supporters, an old knave of clubs on the dexter, a young knave on the sinister side; both accoutred proper. Crest, issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington's), an arm shaking a dice-box, all proper. Motto, alluding to the crest, 'Cogit amor nummi.' The arms encircled with a claret-bottle ticket by way of order.

There were in those days no end of eccentric wagers. In 1735 the Count de Buckeburg, on a bet, rode a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, the horse's head toward Scotland, the rider's toward England, accomplishing the feat in less than four days. Another mad gamester wagered to travel from Paris to Fontainebleau and back before his opponent could prick half a million pinholes in a piece of paper. Competitive eating matches and wagers to stand on one leg for twelve hours and three minutes were common occurrences. Remarkably eccentric were some of the

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most assiduous gamesters. There was the miserly Mr. Elwes, known, until he inherited a fortune, as Mr. Meggot: "A clerical neighbour had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to Newmarket. As was the latter's custom, they set out on their journey at seven in the morning, and. with the hope of a substantial breakfast at Newmarket, the clergyman took no refreshment before starting. . . .Eventually four o'clock arrived, and by this time his reverence had become so impatient that he murmured something about the 'keen air of Newmarket Heath' and the thorough, in another sense, was that Thomas Kerridge who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, says tradition, gambled away Shelley Hall, in Suffolk, room by room, "and, when all the contents were gone and the house gutted, pulled down certain portions and gambled away the bricks."

Napoleon, Mr. Nevill tells us, was a very poor card player, and never indulged in any serious gambling. The same was the case with the Duke of Wellington, who though charged with being

THE GAMBLING ROOMS AT HOMBURG

In this drawing, which was made by the late G. D. Sala, the reader may detect a curious error

comforts of a good dinner. 'Very true,' replied Elwes, 'have some of this,' offering him at the same time a piece of old, crushed pancake from his great-coat pocket. He added that he had brought it from his house at Marcham two months before, but 'that it was as good as new.'" Such was the man who that very day had hazarded seven thousand pounds; who, after sitting up all night playing for thousands with the most fashionable profligates of the day, would walk to Smithfield to meet his own cattle, and haggle in the rain with a carcass-butcher over a shilling; who once sat at piquet for thirty-six consecutive hours. As addicted to playing hazard, maintained that never in the course of his life had he won or lost twenty pounds at any game. It was different, however, with the other christener of boots who came to help Wellington at Waterloo. Blücher was inordinately fond of gambling and repeatedly lost large sums at play. Much to his disgust this passion was inherited by his son, who had often to be rebuked by his father for his visits to the gaming-table, and was given many a wholesome lecture upon his youth and inexperience. One morning, however, young Blücher presented himself before his father, and exclaimed with an air of joy, "Sir, you

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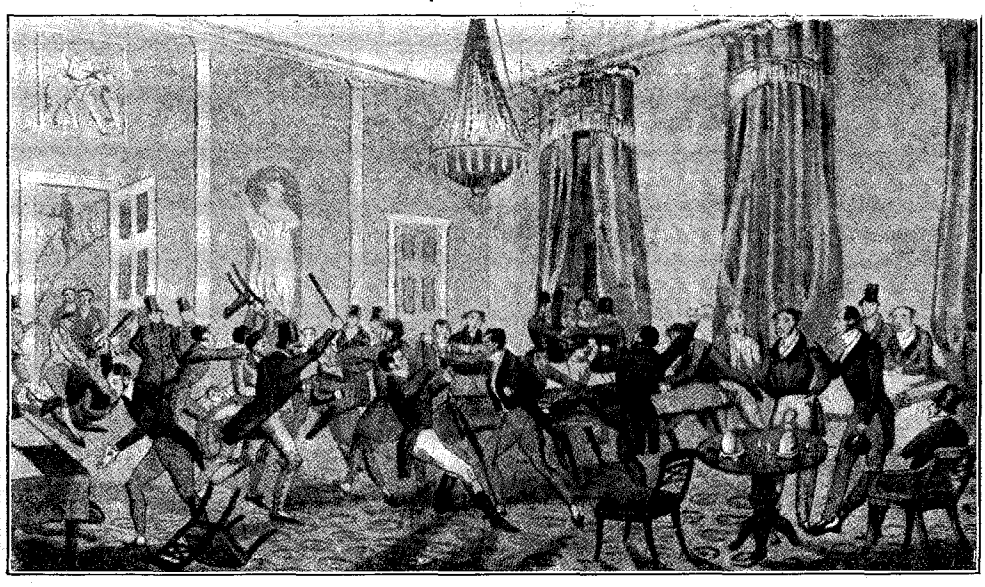
said I knew nothing about play, but here is proof that you have undervalued my talents," pulling out at the same time a bag of roubles which he had won the preceding night. "And I said the truth," was the reply. "Sit down here and I will convince you." The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blücher won all his son's money; whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table observing, "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would never win."



A ROW IN A FASHIONABLE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GAMBLING HELL

The well-regulated gambling house of London in the eighteenth century had attached to it a considerable army of retainers. "The first, and of the greatest importance, was the commissioner, always a proprietor, who looked in at night, the week's account being audited by him and two other proprietors. Then followed the director, who superintended the rooms; the operator, who dealt the cards at faro, or any other game; the croupier, who watched the cards and gathered the money for the bank; a puff, handsomely paid to decoy others to play; a clerk, who acted as a check upon the puff, to see that he embezzled none of the money given him to play with; a squib, who was a puff of meaner rank, and received but a low salary, whilst learning to deal; a flasher, to swear how often the bank had been stripped; a dunner, who went about to recover money lost at play; a waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room; an attorney, the sharper the better; a captain, ready to fight any gentleman who might be peevish at losing his money; an usher, to light gentlemen up and downstairs, and give the porter the word; a porter, who was generally a foot soldier; an orderly man, whose duty consisted in walking up and down on the outside of the door to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constables; a runner, employed to obtain intelligence of the justices' meeting. Besides these, there was link-boys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers, and others, who might bring information of danger, at half a guinea each for every true alarm. Finally, there was a sort of affiliated irregular force, the members of which—affidavitmen, ruffians, and bravoes—were capable of becoming assassins upon occasion."

"So great was the love of betting amongst sporting men that when they were on a journey they would wager as to what they might meet with next. This method of gambling was afterward made into a regular game which was called

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Mr. Towne's unusual poem *Manhattan* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

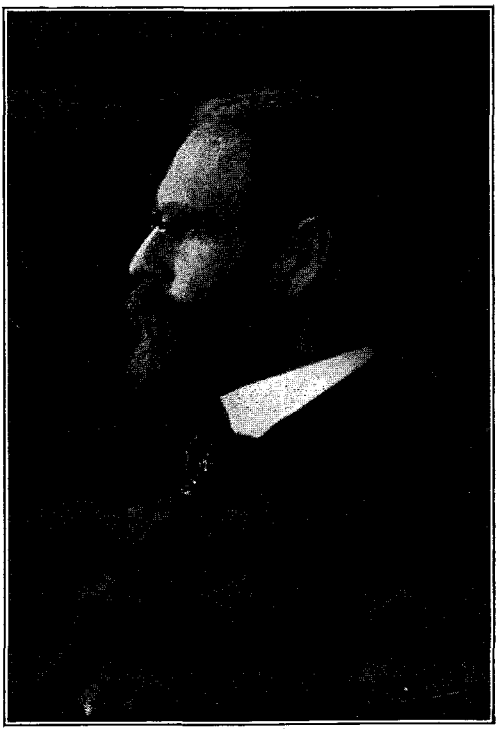
'Travelling Piquet.' This was defined as a mode of amusing themselves, practised by two persons riding in a carriage, each reckoning toward his game the persons, or animals, that passed by on the side next them, according to the following estimation:

A parson riding on a gray horse	Game
An old woman under a hedge	do.
A cat looking out of a window	60
A man, woman, and child in a buggy	40
A man riding with a woman behind him	30
A flock of sheep	20
A flock of geese	10
A post-chaise	5
A horseman	2
A man or woman walking	1

"Death itself was not infrequently made the subject of a wager. Just before two unfortunate men, hung at the Old Bailey, were *dropped off*, a young nobleman present betted a hundred guineas to twenty 'that the shorter of the two would give the last kick!' The wager was taken, and he won; for the other died almost instantly, whilst the shorter man was convulsed for nearly six minutes. So great was the mania for wagers at this epoch, that even the clergy were affected by the prevailing craze. A young divine, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, declared himself ready to undertake for a wager of a hundred guineas to read six chapters from the Bible every hour for six weeks. The betting was ten to one against him."

The Last of the Vikings

A great deal is being said of late with regard to Björnstjerne Björnson. Certainly, throughout his active life, his personality was very striking and he appealed immensely to the imagination of his countrymen. Un-



THE "CENTURY'S" NEW EDITOR

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who has succeeded the late Mr. Gilder as editor of the *Century*, has been on the staff of that magazine for thirty-seven years. Since 1881 he has been the associate editor. In addition to his editorial work, Mr. Johnson was the originator, with John Muir, in the movement that resulted in the creation of the Yosemite National Park, he started the Memorial to Keats and Shelley in Rome, he was the first to propose to President Roosevelt the Conference of Governors for the purpose of preserving the forests of the East, and he was one of the prominent workers in the cause of international copyright.

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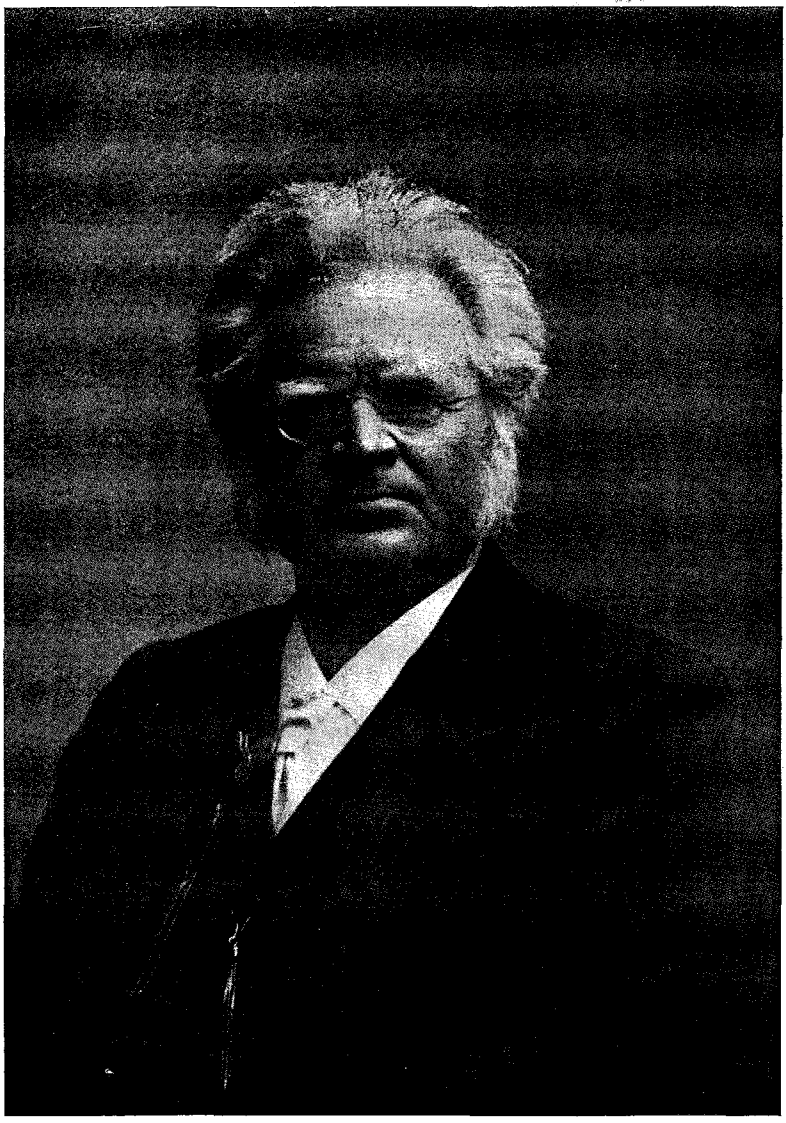
like his fellow playwright, Ibsen, he was no pessimist, nor did he shrink away to a foreign country to live there, satirising and sneering at his native land. To be sure, some of the pictures which he gives of Norse manners are by no means cheerful. Thus, in his book called *In the Ways of God,* there are chapters which read like a medical treatise; and very likely, from these, Madam Sarah Grand drew a part of the plot of *The Heavenly Twins.* In another of his stories, *Absalom's Hair,* a Norwegian gentleman seizes his young wife and spanks her in the presence of all his servants. This is rather like Björnson, who was highly unconventional in life and politics and religion. Politically he was the leader of those Norwegians who desired a republic. He hated the union of Norway with Sweden; and, no doubt, the separation of the two countries was hastened by the almost rabid power that Björnson exercised over men's imaginations. Georg Brandes once



BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

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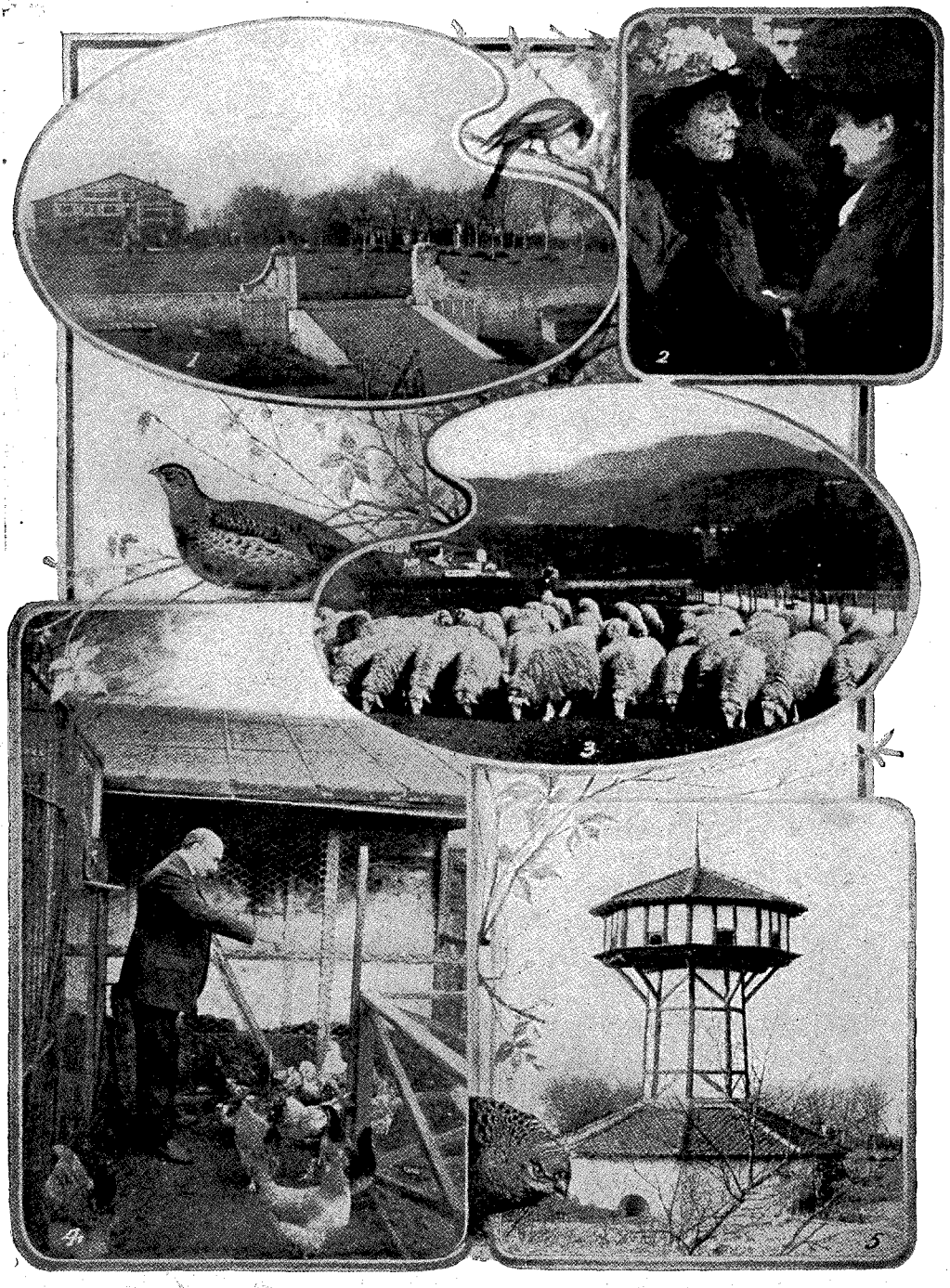

1. WHERE "CHANTECLER" WAS WRITTEN: PART OF EDMOND ROSTAND'S ESTATE AT CAMBO.
2. MME. ROSTAND (VEILED) TALKING TO A FRIEND.
3. PASTORAL SCENE AT CAMBO: SHEEP ON EDMOND ROSTAND'S ESTATE.
4. FEEDING "CHANTECLER": EDMOND ROSTAND AMONG HIS CHICKENS AT CAMBO.
5. ON ROSTAND'S FARM: THE POET-DRAMATIST'S HEN-HOUSE AND PIGEON-LOFT.

Edmond Rostand's long-delayed farmyard play *Chantecler* was produced successfully on the evening of Feb. 5th, at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, in Paris. Not very long ago M. Rostand, who lives at Cambo at the foot of the Pyrenees, told how he came to write the play. He is reported to have said: "The idea of *Chantecler* came to me one morning in the country, at Cambo, on hearing a cock crow. It was six or seven years ago, when I first went to Cambo, a few months after *Cyrano*. In the environs of Cambo there is a splendid farmyard; that will provide for the setting of my first act—the dunghill, the low wall, the market-cart, the dog's kennel, and the blackbird's cage. And all my characters were there: the dog in its kennel, the blackbird in its cage, and a magnificently marked cock on the dunghill, his feathers gilded by the first rays of the rising sun. As I watched him he saluted the dawning day with a strident Cocorico! At that moment *Chantecler* was conceived."—[*Photographs from the London Sketch.*]

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1. MADAME SIMONE LE BARGY (THE PHEASANT). 2. M. COQUELIN (THE DOG). 3. M. GALIPAUX (THE BLACKBIRD).
4. M. ROSEMBERG (THE COCK—ON TOUR). 5 M. CHABERT (THE CAT). 6. MLLE. A. LERICHE (THE GUINEA FOWL).
7. M. DORIVAL (THE SCREECH-OWL—IN PARIS, AND THE COCK—ON TOUR).

A DREAM OF THE PAST AND PRESENT: THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTECLER," M. ROSTAND, WITH ALL THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN HIS BEST-KNOWN PLAYS.

The central part of this illustration, which appeared in a recent number of the *London Illustrated News*, represents a possible dream which may have come to M. Edmond Rostand, the famous French poet and dramatist, whose long-expected farmyard play, *Chantecler*, is at length to be produced. The dream consists of the principal characters in his best-known plays. Reading from the left-hand top corner round to the right, the figures are l'Aiglon, Percinet (from *Les Romanesques*), Cyrano, la Samaritaine, Sylvette, Flambeau, Roxane and Melissinde (from *La Princesse Lointaine*). Round the border are portraits of the players who are taking the chief parts in *Chantecler*, and whose names are given above.

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said of him: "The mention of his name in a gathering of his countrymen is like running up the national flag." Huge, boisterous, intensely earnest, he thrilled by his presence all Norwegians who saw him. The things that he used to say about King Oscar would have led to his imprisonment or deportation in any other monarchy in the world; but King Oscar was wise enough and gracious enough to pay no attention to what Björnson said. This probably enraged Björnson more than anything that could possibly have been done; so that he at last actually sent a challenge to the King to fight a duel with him. Naturally, no notice was taken of this either, and on the whole it made Björnson seem just a little bit ridiculous. It was like the famous proposal of Victor Hugo to fight a duel with the old Emperor William during the siege of Paris by the German armies. Hugo

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

A story is told of Josephine Daskam Bacon and Rose O'Neill, author and illustrator respectively of *The Biography of a Boy*, reviewed in this issue. Rose O'Neill, who is herself a writer and author of *The Lady in the White Veil*, is the wife of Harry Leon Wilson, the novelist and brother playwright of Booth Tarkington. When *The Biography of a Boy* was first arranged for serial publication and the subject of illustration was discussed, Miss Jordan, the editor, said casually, "Of course you will want Mrs. Wilson to do the pictures?" "No, indeed!" declared the author. "There is just one person who shall make those pictures, and that is Rose O'Neill." So the editor compromised with the best grace on Rose O'Neill. Mrs. Bacon, by the way, has come forward as the author of *Margarita's Soul*.

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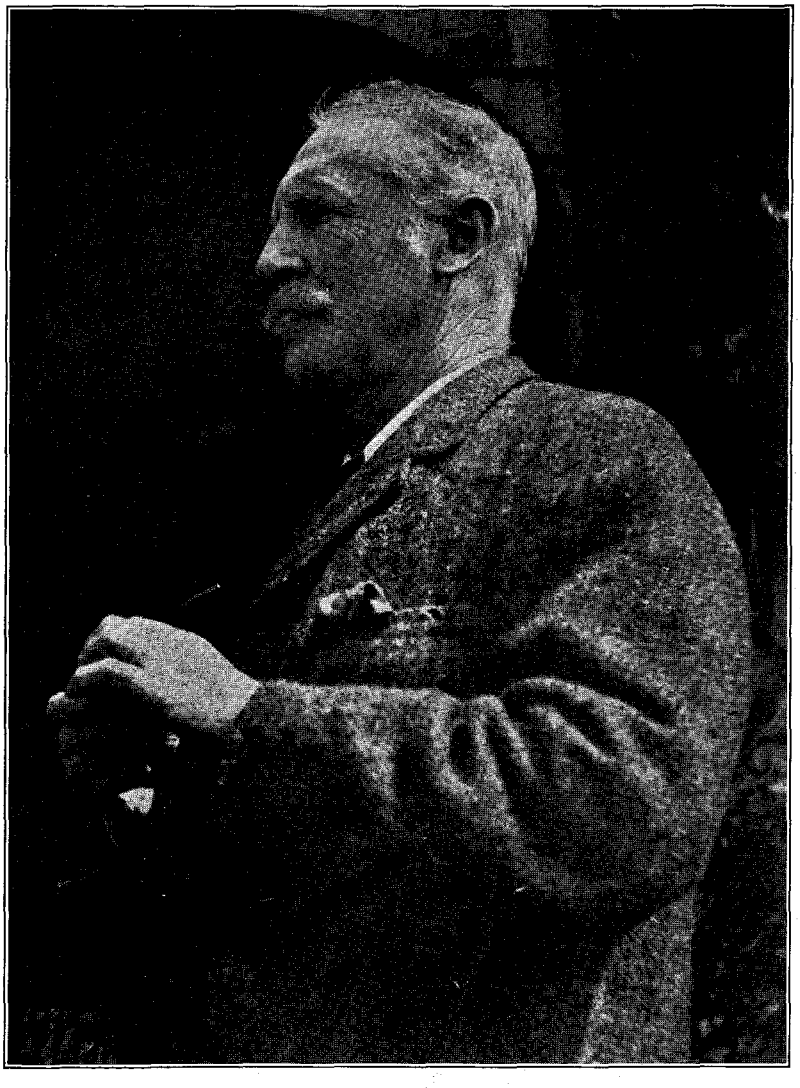
always took this very seriously. "The Emperor," he used to say, "is doubtless a great monarch, but on the other hand, *I* am Victor Hugo! We could, therefore, fight on equal terms and decide the war in half an hour." There are not many people now who remember that in 1880-81, Björnson spent some time in the United States, where he gave public lectures. In recent years he has lived very much as Tolstoy lives, issuing an occasional blast against the government, but being treated with a kindly indulgence, as is Tolstoy by the Czar.

Short Story Prices

A little more than a year ago we printed an article on "The Author's Full Dinner Pail" which told of the vast sums of money which the popular novelists of to-day have been earning from successful books. Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave, the editor of *Everybody's Magazine,* has supplemented



DR. W. S. RAINSFORD

Author of *The Land of the Lion.*

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that article in a recent interview with a reporter of the New York *Times,* by telling of the remarkable prices that, during the last few years, have been paid for short stories. According to Mr. Cosgrave, there are to-day eight American writers in what he calls the one thousand dollar class—that is, who are in a position to ask one thousand dollars for a story of five thousand words, or thereabouts, a rate of twenty cents a word. These are Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, Jack London, John Fox, Jr., Owen Wister, and Frances Hodgson Burnett. There were two short stories of comparatively recent date which brought five thousand dollars each. These were Kipling's "They," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine,* and the last of the Sherlock Holmes stories, published in *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. Cosgrave's estimate is that the best of our short story writers produce from ten to twelve stories a year. He speaks of the marvellous increase in prices, recalling that only a few years ago, Owen Wister, who now receives from fifteen to twenty cents a word for his work, sent to *Everybody's* a story

J. O'HARA COSGRAVE

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

for which he asked the then rather high price of four cents a word.

In the old days it was only an author's completed work that could be marketed. Now brisk competition among editors has made it possible for a writer of established reputation to pocket a cheque by merely outlining the plot of a contemplated story. Thus one scribe, whose name it is not difficult to guess, owes publishers more than thirty-five hundred dollars. To find the lean years it is not necessary to look back very far. According to Mr. Cosgrave, Jack London, who is now in the one thousand dollar class, used to sell his stories for twenty dollars. The late Frank Norris worked on *The Wave* of San Francisco, which Mr. Cosgrave edited before he came to New York, for ten or twenty dollars a week. Between instalments of *McTeague,* on which he was then working, he turned out many "pot boilers" for the periodical. When Norris first came to the East he went to McClure's, where he read manuscripts for ten dollars a week. Gelett

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Burgess, who now receives three hundred dollars for a short story, also worked on *The Wave* for a ten dollar salary. The same paper employed Will Irwin for the even more humble sum of five dollars a week. Mr. Irwin's present income from his writings is said to be ten thousand dollars a year.

A Letter from Mr. Phillpotts

Some paragraphs in our January Chronicle on "Mr. Howells as Critic" have had the fortunate effect of provoking a rejoinder from Mr. Eden Phillpotts, which it gives us great pleasure to reproduce after a word of explanation. As an illustration of Mr. Howells's "tidy little theory of art" we quoted a passage in which he implied that Meredith, Thackeray and Dickens were inferior as novelists to M. Zola, and Mr. Phillpotts among others, because the former played the showman in their books. "A novelist," said Mr. Howells, "has no more right to be personally present in his story than a sculptor in his statue." We complained of a rigour which made self-concealment the main requisite—perhaps the only requisite—of art. It seemed rather hard on us, for example, to say that our pleasure in meeting Meredith in his stories was of low and inartistic derivation, by no means comparable to the pleasure of merely not meeting Mr. Phillpotts. Meredith had unquestionably "a great soul," said Mr. Howells, but he had no business to show it. Mr. Phillpotts, if he had one, honourably concealed it. Of course it is a familiar theory and well suited to Latin logic and trim art, but as applied by Mr. Howells to English and American writers it has always maddened us. Mr. Howells has often displayed a standard of criticism which tends to drive readers to asceticism and novelists to suicide. He seems to love a novel in proportion as the novelist does not personally intrude. He is therefore always praising writers who are almost dead because, being in that condition, they can do very little personal damage to the strict rules of their craft. True to life, to Mr. Howells, means true to a potato patch. The first step in art is the disembowelment of the artist. He is quite sure the young lady must be a novelist because she is so palpably nothing else. His kind words are therefore for our altogether too numerous literary photographers; his curses are for Dickens, Thackeray and Meredith. For these reasons we asked some one to throw a bomb at this tidy little theory of art. We did not, as Mr. Phillpotts implies, promise to throw one, for we are not the sort of person to make any noise in the world. We are merely a small beer chronicler, secretary to the things of the moment, loyal to the time of day, careworn with literary celebrities, trying to be kind all around and get everybody's name straight, trying never to confound Mr. Booth Davis with Mr. Richard Harding Tarkington or Kate Douglas Wiggs with Mrs. Wiggin of the Cabbage Patch. And back to these matters we go, being unsuited to the high debate to which Mr. Phillpotts invites us. With this explanation the references in the letter will be clear. It is an admirable letter and we are grateful to Mr. Phillpotts for writing it.

TORQUAY, ENGLAND, Jan. 10, 1910.

On the abstract question, may I utter a word concerning the "tidy little theory of art" of Mr. W. D. Howells? I refer to certain paragraphs and quotations in your last impression.

You desire a definition, but surely such a thing is impossible. The palace of art, represented by Fiction, has many mansions. Fiction is a form—a protean form—and no definition or standard can embrace its entirety.

According to the critical estimate of Mr. Howells, the form wherein an author is personally displayed falls far short of that wherein he does not appear—so far short that, from his standpoint, the one form is hardly worthy to be called art as contrasted with the other. But I take it that he is here concerned with form only, not content.

For example let us cite two great works: *Madame Bovary* and *Diana of the Crossways*. No exact definition could rate these masterpieces as equally splendid, but it depends largely upon your definition which you set higher. For the moment Mr. Howells would seem to be concerned in his essay not with the valuation of the jewels but their mounting —with the manner not the matter; and surely no artist can possibly quarrel with him upon

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that score? Without denying that Meredith was greater than Flaubert, that Dickens was mightier than George Eliot, that Thackeray's contribution to the wit and wisdom of the world exceeded Jane Austen's, we may yet in each case admit that the lesser writer was the greater artist. Can your promised bomb shatter this paradox?

I should like to learn (and none is better able to tell me than THE BOOKMAN) what spirit animates your serious novelists of to-day. The movement of a nation that seeks to ignore, rather than follow, tradition is significant, and it would be interesting to know what your best writers of fiction affect in theory and practise in form. Do they recognise technique or laugh at it? Do you find severe detachment to be the guiding principle of their art, or does the living American novelist display his personality upon his page, after the manner of the mighty Victorians?

Do you meet him walking among his men and women—as God with Adam in the Garden—or does he hide himself? To achieve an absolute concealment is, of course, as Mr. Howells points out, not possible; but it must probably be the ideal of not a few among your leading artists.

That he may present a glass of crystal clarity, through which his pictures of life shall be observed, is surely the highest aim for a novelist; though we know too often how the faltering workman must a little obscure that glass, if only with his own hard breathing in the struggle to keep it clear. To prefer a medium stained—even though it be with delicate rose, tender green or heavenly blue of the artist's mind—is, I submit, a retrograde step. We recognise a great artist's work of course, and that instantly, but it is the magnitude or symmetry of his edifice that proclaims him, not that he is standing at the front door.

Hear Nietzsche. "Humanity," he says, "can no longer be spared the cruel sight of the psychological dissecting-table with its knives and forceps. For here rules that science which inquires into the origin and history of the so-called moral sentiments and which in its progress has to draw up and solve complicated sociological problems."

Now serious modern novelists are engaged upon this high business and have no time to think about themselves, or air their predilections, hobbies, or opinions. The men who paraded themselves, consciously or unconsciously, were actuated by the old values, held in check by religion or herd morality and a thousand other conventional restrictions; but we feel that all these things are only so many bars and hindrances to that pure, scientific curiosity whose goal is the stark truth of human nature. An absolutely impersonal attitude is what we seek.

A good surgeon in the midst of a life or death operation has no time to demonstrate or advertise. And we, who try to make live men and women—for novel writing is a life or death operation too—are similarly far too concerned with the enormous difficulties to intrude our own personalities or play showman.

It is unnecessary that a great artist should be a great poet, or a "social moralist," or a "great soul," or a great anything else. Indeed the great artists who have also been what is understood by great men are rather rare.

Do, dear sir, explode your threatened bomb that we may see if it can shatter the "tidy little theory" of Mr. Howells, which is also the theory of Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant and every working artist of fiction in our country who counts to-day.

I pray you ventilate this interesting subject and discover how many of your first-rate men defer to and how many differ from your most famous living novelist.

Most sincerely and heartily yours,

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Chesterton on Thackeray

Every utterance of Mr. Chesterton, no matter on what subject, is a contribution to the gaiety of nations; but the gaiety is perhaps increased in proportion as the subject is one which has apparently been worn threadbare by every reviewer and would-be critic. Then is Mr. Chesterton most fresh and engaging, since he begins where the others leave off. Not since he wrote his book on Dickens has he had a more congenial subject than in the introduction which he contributes to a volume of selections from Thackeray, one of a series called *Masters of Literature*. Obviously, Thackeray is the last novelist in the world to be adequately represented by extracts. Mr. Chesterton not only admits the fact; he emphasises and illustrates it with one of his amusing parodies. Thackeray, he says, worked entirely by diffuseness; by a thousand touches scattered through a thousand pages:

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Even the bodily description of his characters is scattered and disseminated. The Dickens method is to say: "Lord Jones, a tall man with a hook nose and a white pointed beard, entered the room." Thackeray's method is to say, in Chapter I: "Lord Jones, being very tall, had just knocked his head against the chandelier, and was in no very agreeable temper"; in Chapter VII: "What jokes Jemima made about Sir Henry's bald head, Lord Jones's hooked nose, and so on"; and in Chapter XXIII: "Little Mr. Frizzle, the hairdresser, had pursued Jones for years, advising his lordship to blacken artificially the white pointed beard that he wore."

Of course, Mr. Chesterton, himself one of the most rigid and persistent of moralists, likes to regard Thackeray as a moralist. He is not a cynic, save in a wholly honourable sense of that word. The whole point in the contrasted careers of Amelia and Becky is "that there is a certain sanative and antiseptic element in virtue, by which even a fool manages to live longer than a knave." He remarks that at the end "the energy of Becky is the energy of a dead woman; it is like the rhythmic kicking of some bisected insect." Major Pendennis prompts the reflection that "worldliness and the worldlings are in their nature solemn and timid. If you want carelessness you must go to the martyrs." Thackeray was, moreover, according to his critic, not only a moralist; he was a romantic—a retrospective romantic, as it were. "He loved all fresh and beautiful things, like other romantics; but loved them with a deliberate recollection of their eternal recurrence and decay." In short, he was nearly all that we usually think of as the reverse of cynical. "He falls away into philosophising not because his satire is merciless, but because it is merciful. . . . He often employs an universal cynicism because it is kinder than a personal sarcasm. He says that all men are liars, rather than say directly that Pendennis was lying. He says easily that all is vanity, so as not to say that Ethel Newcome was vain." And concerning his last books it is remarked: "There are moments in the last days of this cynic when we have almost to pardon his pointless and flowing piety as we should pardon it in saints or innocent children."

Concerning *The Book of Snobs,* Snobbism in general, English Snobbism in particular, and Thackeray's hatred of it, Mr. Chesterton says certain things which illuminate the present political situation of the House of Lords:

The true source of snobs in England was the refusal to take one side or the other heartily in the crisis of the French Revolution; the English attempt to have what Macaulay called (with unconscious but awful irony) "the most popular aristocracy and the most aristocratic people in the world." Those words would make another good definition of snobbishness. We have a popular aristocracy; it consists chiefly of brewers. We have an aristocratic people; that is, it consists chiefly of snobs. If we had made our system sincere, if we had conformed to either of the two great models of government, we might have had the vices involved in them, but we should have been free from this fever of worldliness, this vulgar unrest. Aristocracy does not have snobs any more than democracy. But we have neither securely closed our house nor boldly opened it. We have merely let it be whispered that a window is unbarred at the back; and a few burglars break in and are made peers. But the thought of that possible entrance rides all men's fancy like some infernal love affair, and enfevers and exhausts England.

The Law and Literature

The following note we find in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly,* in the issue of January 26th, in the department devoted to "The Alumni." The *Weekly* took it from the *Washington Star:*

'91

With Edgar Allan Poe arguing a case before Oliver Wendell Holmes the clock in the United States Court room seemed to have turned back several decades to-day. But it was so. Oliver Wendell Holmes was on the bench; Edgar Allan Poe was at the bar. Counsellor Poe is a member of the famous Poe family of Baltimore. Mr. Justice Holmes's pedigree also is well known.

Mr. Henry C. Rowland, whose new novel, *In the Service of the Princess,* is

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announced for publication this month, has written to his publishers a letter in which he sets forth his ideas of the proper régime for a writer. It is a creed that in the old days would certainly have been held as "rank blasphemy and wild." We are printing it, not because it has to do exclusively with Mr. Rowland, but because it seems to stand for the ideas of so many of the young men of the new school.

The New Creed

This seems to me to be the proper sort of régime for a writer. More than that, one owes it to the public to furnish something as fresh as one can and not serve out a literary ration composed of the "re-hash" of other minds. Personally, I am constantly confronted with my lack of knowledge and broader education, and constantly trying to remedy it. Books of reference can easily become literary crutches, and I dislike extremely to be driven to them in writing fiction. I will not lay a scene in any place of which I have not a first-hand knowledge. This, of course, is merely a matter of personal taste. Neither do I believe in literary specialising. It is a quick way to get celebrity, this hammering away at some spot, but I think that the specialist burns out more quickly. Personally, I think it a higher art to vary constantly in subject matter, style, key and every other way, if one is able to do so and keep the product of this versatility sound of its sort. A writer who can do this ought never to find himself "written out." As for academic perfection, that is a thing which one has to study en route. Technique belongs, I think, more fully to the later decades, when the Long Trail becomes impossible due to such shackles as ill-health, adverse fortune, bright eyes or twins!

THE ALLEY. BY E. HORTER. FROM "1910"

1910 is the title of an exceedingly entertaining and well-made little magazine, of which we have just received the first issue. The periodical is to be continued for a year and no matter is to be printed except by invitation. The contributors are ten in number, five writers and five artists. They are Franklin P. Adams, C. B. Falls, Montague Glass, E. Horter, John Oskison, Louis Evans Shipman, J. G. Sommer, A. E. Thomas, Boardman Robinson and Henry Reuterdahl. Mr. Adams's adaptation of Horace's much-abused *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* strikes us as being worth reprinting:

"1910"

The pomp of the Persian I hold in aversion;
I loathe all those gingerbread tricks—
Those chaplets and wreathings of lindeny tree things—
Nix!

Boy, us for plain myrtle, while under this fertile
Old grapevine myself I seclude,
For you and bibacious young Quintus Horatius—
Stewed.

Disingenuous, to say the least, is the magazine that in its February issue publishes the novel made from the play *Cameo Kirby*, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. In the advertising pages of the January number the names of the collaborating playwrights were printed in large letters as among the contributors of

Disingenuous

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the next number. In the February table of contents "Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson" are placed opposite "Cameo Kirby—Complete Novel." It is only by the most careful scrutiny of the heading of the story that the reader is able to learn that the feature so vigourously exploited is nothing more than an adaptation "from the celebrated play by W. B. M. Ferguson." All of which impresses us as being exceedingly unfair to Mr. Ferguson, to Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson, and to the readers of the magazine. Just a little too strongly it suggests the methods of certain publishers who used to issue books in the following fashion:

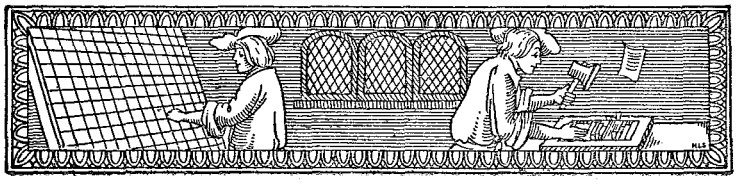
NANA'S BROTHER
(A SEQUEL TO NANA)
BY ÉMILE ZOLA

Prize Winning

Molly Elliot Seawell, whose new novel, *The Marriage of Theodora,* is to appear early this month, has a unique record among writers as a prize winner. She has entered three big competitions, and in each one has won a prize. The remarkable part of it is, that in every case she was the only woman who won anything, although thousands of women competed. The first was in a contest instituted by the *Youth's Companion* in 1890 for the best juvenile short story. This was the beginning of Miss Seawell's literary career. She offered her story *Little Jarvis,* which was awarded the first prize in merit, although as it was based on an historic incident, she was given the second prize in money, five hundred dollars. In this competition there were over two thousand competitors. All of the other prize winners were men. Again, in 1895, when she was beginning to be known in literature, she entered into a competition for a prize of three thousand dollars offered by the New York *Herald.* In this competition there were over one thousand contestants. Again Miss Seawell won the first prize with her story *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac.* The other winners were all men. In the autumn of 1908, in response to an invitation extended by the New York *Herald* to forty selected writers to compete for a prize, Miss Seawell entered and won a prize of one thousand dollars with a short story, "John Mainwaring, Financier." Three other prizes were won by well-known short-story writers. Once more, Miss Seawell was the only woman to receive recognition.

An Additional Suggestion

In the February number of the *Educational Review* a suggestion is made editorially that among the teachers of every normal school or college there should always be one or two instructors prepared to extol the virtues of Simple Spelling and to expose the "superstition" of such as spell after the accepted fashion. This suggestion seems to us fair enough; but, having some regard for the *Lehrfreiheit,* we venture to make the supplementary suggestion that there should be in every normal school or college one or two cultivated men or women prepared to show how desirable it is to spell like gentlemen and gentlewomen, and to scarify the crudity of Simple Spellers.



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THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

XIII—From Montreal to San Francisco

HEN one glides over the Canadian frontier in a smoothly rolling express-train from New York, there is nothing in the landscape to suggest that he is passing into the possessions of another nation than his own. It all looks very much like a continuation of the United States. Only one little circumstance proves to him that he has escaped from a country which is enslaved by a materialised democracy, and that he has reached a land where, though it be ruled by a king, decent consideration is shown to every one. It is the well-set up custom-house officer who impresses this fact upon you. He does not snap his jaws like a steel-trap when he speaks to you. He does not ask you to make an affidavit as to what you have in your luggage, and then impudently accuse you of perjury in telling you that he doesn't believe a word of what you have said under oath. For the matter of that, he doesn't drag your trunks or your belongings around the baggage-car, pile the contents of them on a dirty floor, and then call in a second ruffian to paw over the objects and finally decide, without giving any details, that you must pay such and such a sum for "excess luggage."

The Canadian official knows very well that you are not a smuggler. He has a sense of the decencies of life. He doesn't seek to magnify his office. With a polite word or two, he lifts and immediately lowers the lids of your trunks, affixes a cabalistic mark, and you are free to enter the dominions of His Majesty, King Edward VII. This is a small thing in itself, and yet how grateful it is when you compare with it the scenes of sordidness and swinishness which disgrace the port of New York whenever a foreign steamer arrives at any of its piers. It is a curious thing, this independence of ours, for which we fought two wars, yet which today we do not in reality possess, since we are the serfs of those who are appointed to serve us. The custom-house inspector insults our wives and children. The policeman, without a shadow of right, bullies nine-tenths of the population who believe that he is the very law itself. We let corporations steal our franchises and then overcharge us for our use of them. We allow combinations of soulless individuals to tax us on any pretence, because we send to Congress men whose election expenses these corporations have paid, and because they have put their former attorneys upon the judicial bench.

Somehow or other it is refreshing for a little while to escape from all the different kinds of slave-drivers whom America has been breeding for the past thirty years. Like one of those fugitives who, before the Civil War, fled to Canada by the historic Underground Railroad, no sooner do we touch British soil than we salute the British flag. For it emancipates us and allows us to forget beneath its folds the swarm of "hustlers" who in politics, in commerce, and for that matter, in science, in literature, and in education, give no one any rest, but keep always stirring such a hell-broth as can be found nowhere outside of the United States. Kipling never wrote a truer stanza than that in which he characterised a certain type of the latter-day Americans.

> Or sombre-drunk at mine and mart
> He dubs his dreary brethren "Kings."
> His hands are black with blood: his heart
> Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

This paper completes the first series of New Baedeker articles. The complete list is now as follows: I—Malines, September, 1907; II—Utica, N. Y., December, 1907; III—Berlin, February, 1908; IV—Portland, Maine, April, 1908; V—Rome, November, 1908; VI—Rouen, January, 1909; VII—Trenton Falls, March, 1909; VIII—Harlem, May, 1909; IX—Havre and Trouville, July, 1909; X—Atlantic City, September, 1909; XI—Boston, November, 1909; XII—Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts, January, 1910; and XIII—From Montreal to San Francisco, March, 1910.—Editors.

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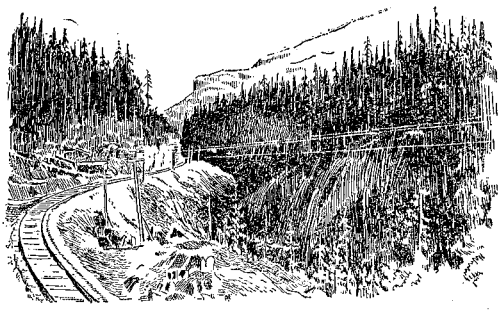
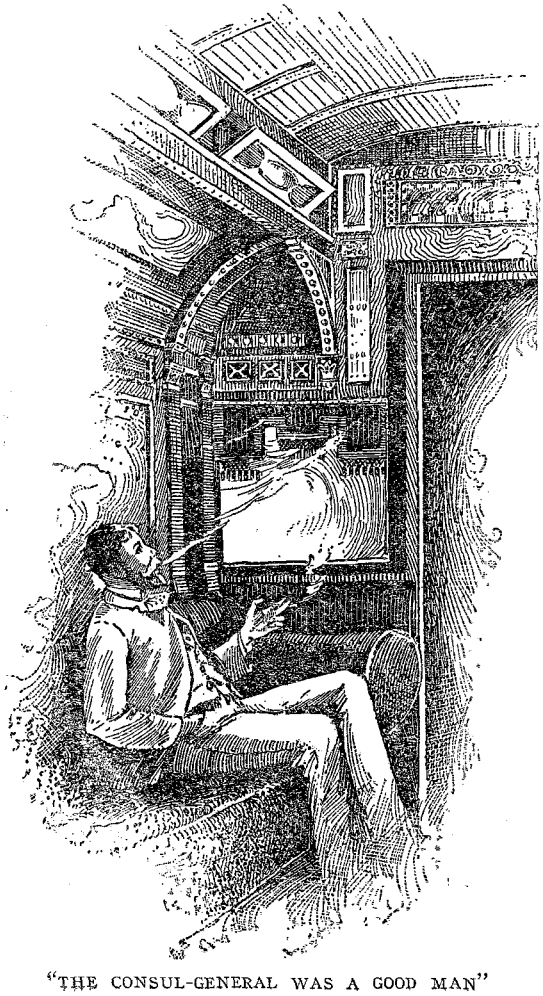
And somehow or other that line of his,

Unkempt, disreputable, vast,

rather sticks in one's mind as being painfully near a good part of the truth. But, after all, this is rank pessimism, and almost treasonable. Such reflections are due mainly to having been cooped up for too long a time in New York City—that extraordinary, heterogeneous Babylon which sometimes makes you shudder, yet which draws you back to it irresistibly if you have been very long absent. New York is almost a nation in itself, and perhaps the late Fernando Wood was not so very much out of the way when, in 1861, he proposed that it secede from the Union and set up for itself. It doesn't really belong to anything. It is just a tremendous curiosity.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
DINING CAR SERVICE.



"THE CONSUL-GENERAL WAS A GOOD MAN"

But these thoughts are dispelled by others when you arrive in Montreal and find a city which in its own way is altogether unique. Quebec, for example, is really French, and sixteenth century French at that. Toronto, on the other hand, is British with a strong admixture of American. But Montreal, while it seems to be British, is a singular admixture of what is British and what is not. From the general appearance of it you get at first a certain impression as of England, although only one-seventh of the inhabitants are English, and more than half of them are French. It is an admirable example of how the Briton manages to impose himself upon places and upon people who are not of his own stock. Put him down almost anywhere in the world and presently you will find bitter beer and Bass's White Label and gooseberry tarts, and people always dressing for dinner, and calculating their money in pounds, shillings, and pence. I suppose the United States to be the only country in the world where he cannot do so, and where the British sovereign and the Bank of England note are looked at contemptuously by shopkeepers who will not take them even at a discount, but want "real money," much to the astonishment and chagrin of the travelling Englishman. But in Montreal, the British element appears to have entirely its own way. Dominion Square with its huge hotel shows nothing that suggests the French

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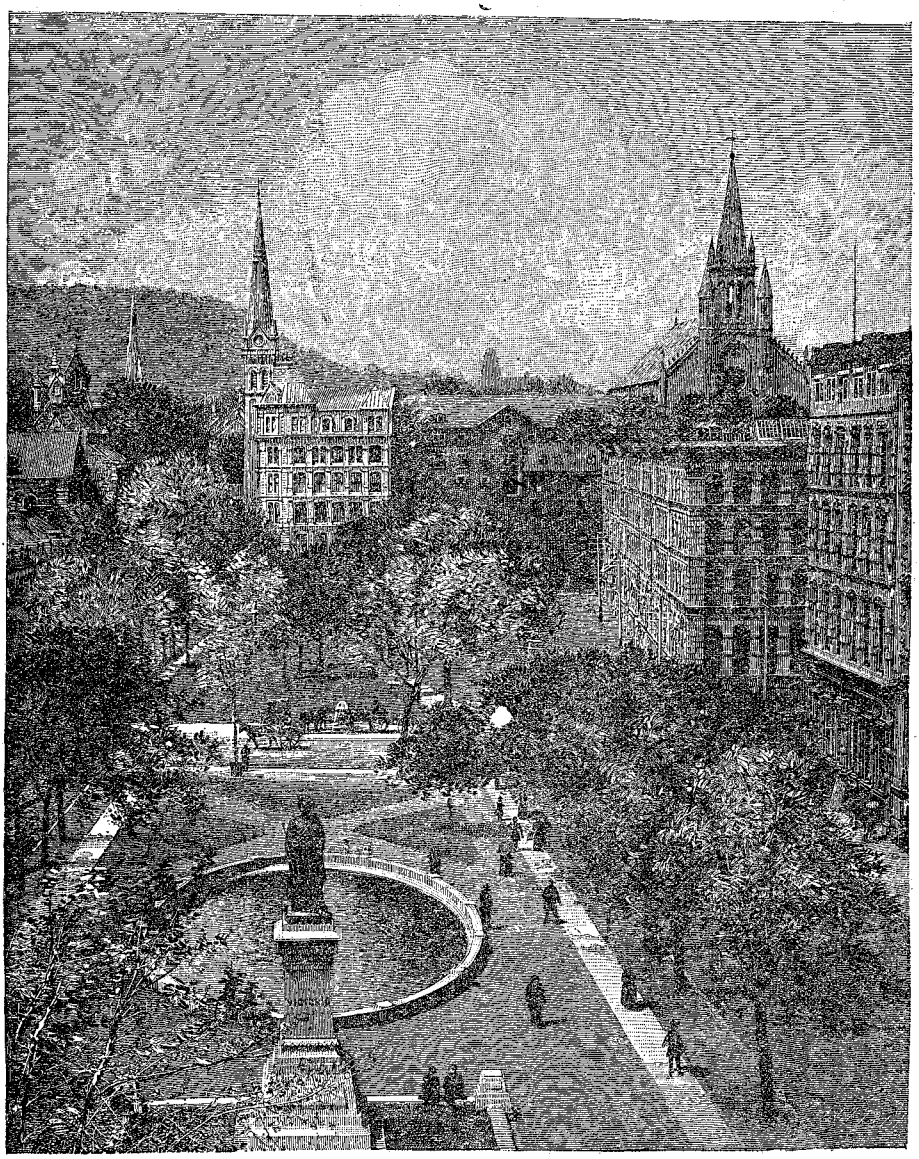
who founded this fine city, centuries ago. If you enter the hotel in question, you will find, besides breakfast rooms and dining-rooms, "a lady's ordinary," the very name taking you back to the England of James I. and *The Fortunes of Nigel*. And it was so like the English to pick out Jacques Cartier Square as a place in which to erect a column in memory of Lord Nelson!

Nevertheless, a somewhat closer examination shows you that the French tenacity is quite equal to the English obstinacy. The very names of streets and buildings tell you this—the Place d'Armes, the Bonsecours Market, Notre Dame de Montréal, the Château de Ramezay, Saint Sulpice, the statue of the fine old Sieur de Maisonneuve, with the figures of the Iroquois about him, and that of Lambert Closse, the first "town-major" of the old-time city, Ville Marie



VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL

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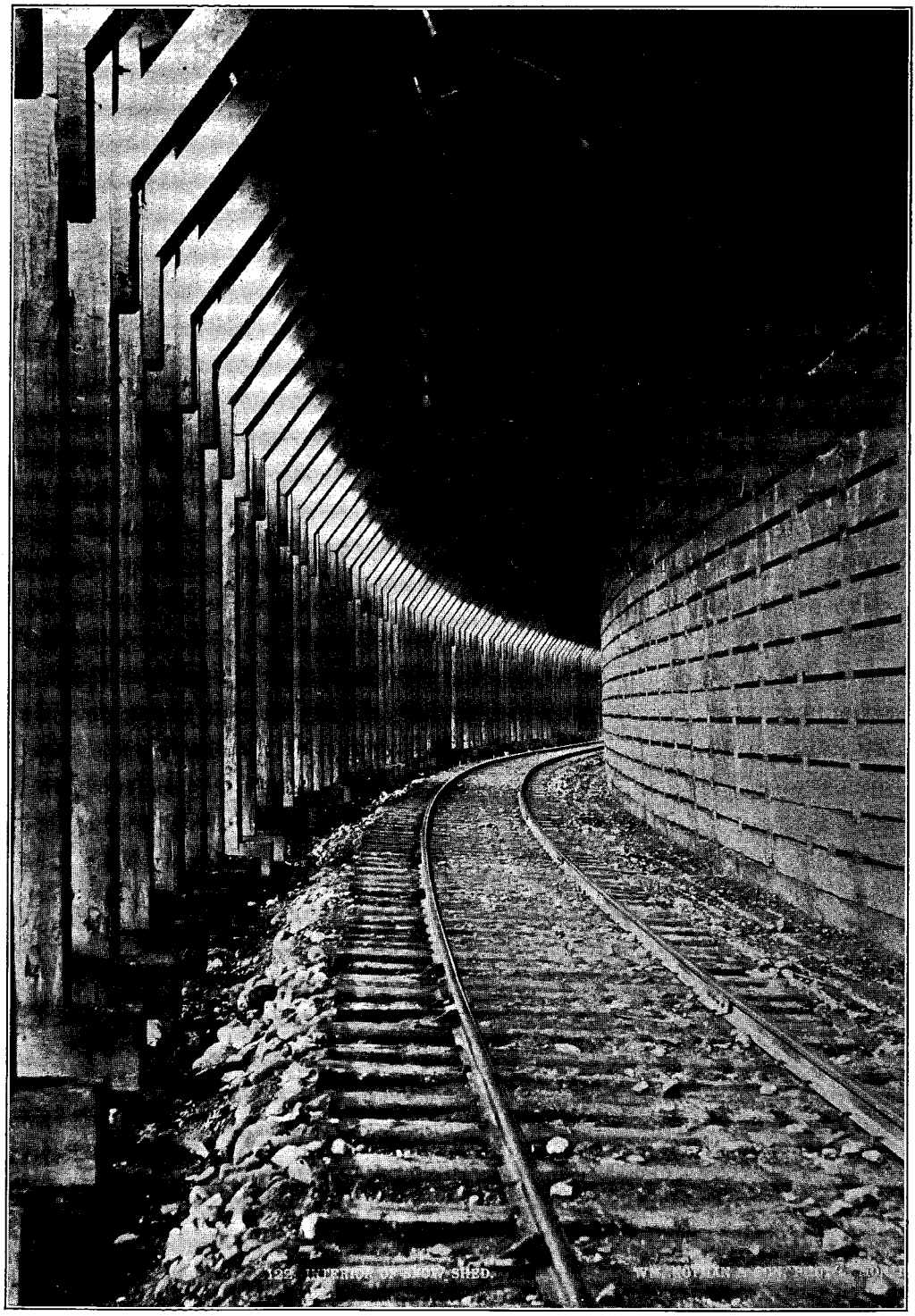

"THE SNOW-SHEDS, THROUGH WHICH ONE DOES NOT USUALLY PASS IN SUMMER, GIVE STRIKING EVIDENCE OF WHAT THESE GORGES MUST BE IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER"

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de Montréal. Sometimes side by side, you see France and England contending with each other architecturally. For instance, the moment you behold the Bank of Montreal, you almost cry out with wonder; for it is precisely the London Exchange, and you feel that you are going to enter Threadneedle Street in a moment or two. But then, placed next to it, is the Post-Office, which you are at once tempted to call the Bureau des Postes—so French is its grey limestone front and its Mansard roof.

And you come at the actual truth when you leave the public squares and the English shops and the Englishwomen shopping there, and go down into the heart of the town and find yourself in a labyrinth of streets that bear French names. The Doctor and I wanted to get a large supply of cartridges for the huge revolvers that we had brought with us. Just why we had brought them we could not very definitely have explained; only, we were going westward some thousands of miles and we had a nebulous notion that we might need these weapons for self-protection. Possibly it was because we had seen a photograph purporting to represent Vancouver at an early stage of its still youthful history. That photograph which is here reproduced will perhaps justify the two revolvers. But, as I was saying, in our search for cartridges we went into many shops of different sorts before finding one where cartridges were sold; and in all these shops not a soul understood a single word of English. So this was the real Montreal—French at its core, though superficially Anglicised.

And this is why one cannot think of Canada as being either wholly French or wholly English. It is, in fact, Canadian. It will never be annexed to the United States, and I fancy that the time will come when it will cease even nominally to be a possession of Great Britain. Here is the true solution of the Canadian question—that Canada should become either a kingdom or a republic all by itself. It has a splendid history of its own. It has beautiful cities, a wonderfully clean and upright government, and if it should put forth its power and snap its leading-strings, it could well take high rank as a nation, free and self-respecting. At present, it gives me an uncomfortable feeling to see Canadians either trying to be more English than the English, or else wrapping themselves up in the tattered Gallicism of three hundred years ago. France, of course, can never have more than a sentimental interest in the country. Englishmen rather look down upon it, as they look down upon any set of people who remain in English bondage outside of England. Canada at present reminds one of a hobbledehoy quite strong enough to stand alone and to be a man, but who, nevertheless, from force of habit, skulks around awkwardly, in a moral state of pupillage, wearing trousers too short for him and still haunted by the fear that, when he speaks, his voice may not be the deep bass of a man but may break and go off into a sort of childish falsetto. This, however, will not last very long. The young giant will soon stand up and stamp his feet and be proud of the name "Canadian." All the same, at the present time, the English contingent is distinctly loyal to the mother country. I couldn't resist asking rather foolish questions of a youth whom I encountered. I said:

"Do you feel a personal devotion to King Edward VII?"

"Yes," said he; "I would die for him."

But the very answer, given with flushed face and a sparkle of the eye, showed me how little like an Englishman was this young Canadian. An Englishman would at first have stared and then laughed, and then perhaps he would have exclaimed rather cryptically:

"Oh, I say now!"

You may be sure that his cheeks would not have flushed nor his eye have sparkled. Very likely he, too, would have died for King Edward, but he would have regarded it as a "beastly bore." The Canadian, on the other hand, has all the spirit and the sentiment of the native-born American. Just at present he is giving it to England; but the time will come when the flag of independent Canada will stir his soul, and when the Maple-Leaf will mean much more to him than the Lion and the Unicorn.

Two great proofs of Canadian energy and farsightedness are to be found in the Victoria Jubilee Bridge which was flung

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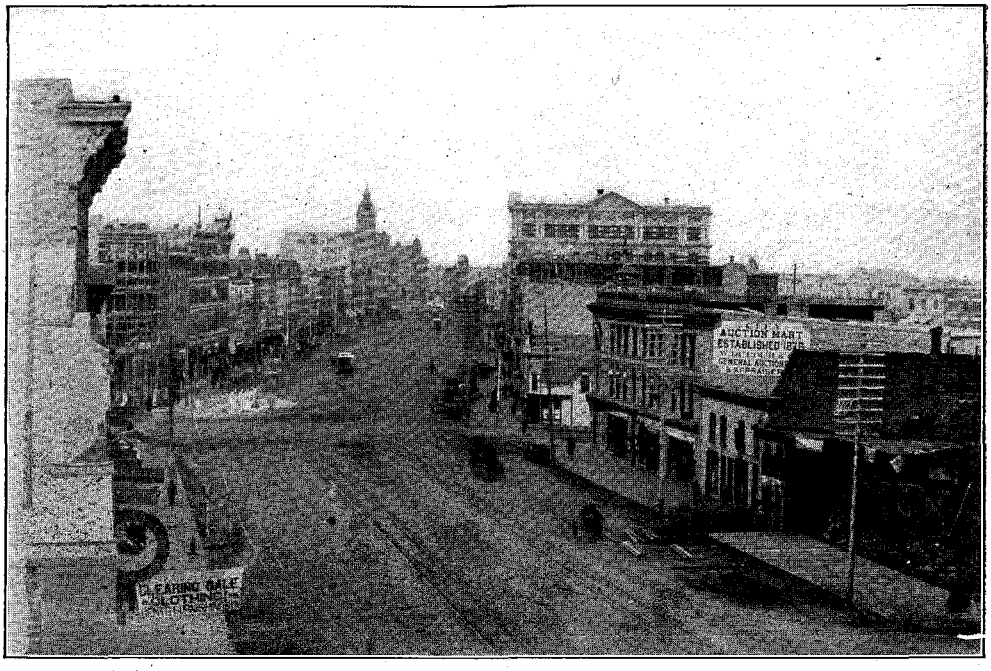

"HE DEPARTED, HURRYING UP THE MAIN STREET OF WINNIPEG"

across the St. Lawrence near Montreal at a cost of twenty million dollars, and which is one of the greatest engineering achievements in the world; and then still greater, the Canadian Pacific Railway extending for three thousand miles across the whole of the Dominion, looping itself around the massive peaks of the Rockies and then descending to the far off city of Vancouver. When it was completed, in 1887, its importance was mainly military. By means of it, British troops, after being hurried from Liverpool to Montreal, could then whirl rapidly across the Continent to the Pacific Ocean. Great Britain in 1887 viewed Russia with a distrustful eye; and Canada did her part, so that the great Empire of the Czars might be swiftly smitten from the powerfully fortified naval station at Esquimalt, near Victoria.

The Doctor and I were mainly interested in the Canadian Pacific Railway, since we intended to take one of its trains from Montreal and to proceed over its whole length to the Pacific Coast. This railway has an advantage over any of the American transcontinental lines, because the journey involves no change; but one can go directly through the vast stretches of prairie, the wheat-lands, and the magnificent mountains, and can do it all in a deliberate, comfortable fashion. After you cut loose from the towns and cities of Ontario and get out into the billowy prairies, you practically own the train. If you want to alight and stretch your legs and look at a bit of scenery by way of variety, the train will be stopped for you, as it will be also at the city of Winnipeg, where you can stroll around for an hour or so in this metropolis of the wheat-lands, standing isolated in the very middle of a thousand miles of loneliness.

So, when you dispose your luggage in its proper places and show a yard or less of ticket, you can settle down with a certain ease and peace of mind very much as you would upon an ocean steamer, with the additional advantage that if you don't like it you can get off and walk. It is advisable to tip the porter rather heavily and suggest to him that at the end of the journey another tip will be forthcoming. On the whole I am inclined to think that this is quite immoral; for he will give you a whole section instead of a single berth; and when (a day or two later)

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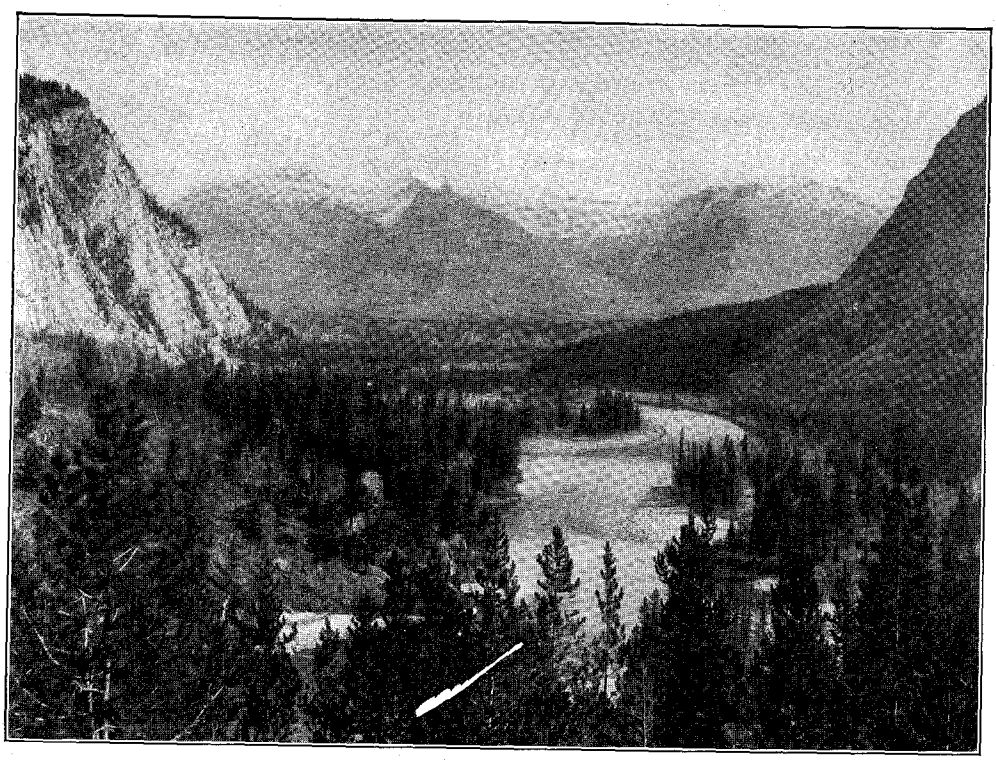

"THEN YOU COME TO THE VERY GARDEN OF THE GODS"

other persons enter who have paid for half that section, he will invent the most ingenious explanations as to why their tickets are not good and will bestow them, grumbling, in some other portion of the train. I have often waked up in the middle of the night and listened guiltily to the loud expostulations of casual Canadians, and have admired, from a purely literary standpoint, the fluent diction and the imaginative resources of the porter. But after all, it is the through passengers who constitute the aristocracy of the train; while others who are going only four or five hundred miles must put up with what the porter feels it best to give them. He had the hardest time of all with a Consul-General of a minor European monarchy; and the strife between them lasted from midnight until morning. During the latter part of it I whistled softly the *Brabançonne*, which may have appeased the Consul-General, or which, on the other hand, may have driven him into a speechless rage, so that he presently succumbed. Anyway, he was a good man, and we afterward became great friends.

It is a lazy, comfortable, luxurious life, this long whirl across the prairies. You can rove about the train and chat with various acquaintances; enjoying the most delicious meals whenever you feel like taking them; looking out upon the illimitable miles of undulating verdure, sometimes tilled, and sometimes covered only with scant grass, and sometimes densely populated by prairie-dogs. Their little houses, domed and green, about a foot in height, have a small opening for the family; and at these openings sit the masters of the houses, on their hind legs and with their paws drooping gently over their furry coats. Going out upon the very last platform of the last car and letting our legs hang over the miles of glittering track that sped away beneath us, the Doctor and I found use for our revolvers by banging away at the prairie-dogs. I suppose it was the instinctive Anglo-Saxon desire to kill something; yet I doubt very much whether any

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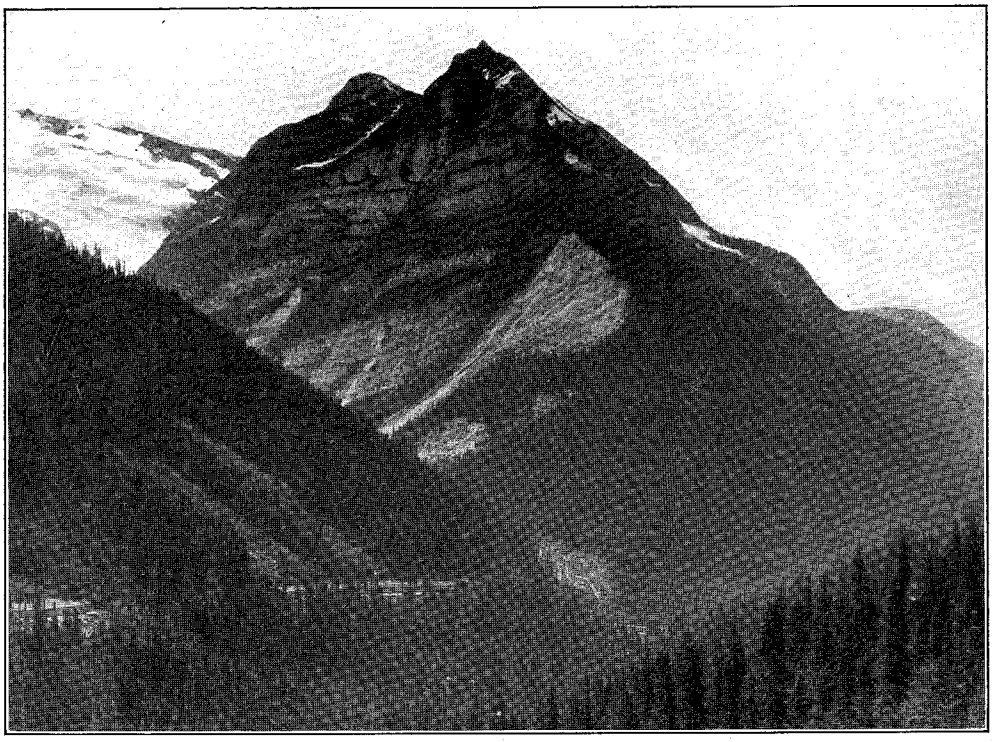

"I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING THAT COULD COMPARE WITH THE SAVAGE BEAUTY OF THIS REGION"

prairie-dog lost his life beneath our fusillade. Still, as every time we fired, the little beasts would drop over backward into their respective holes, we let ourselves imagine that our aim was something wonderful. To be sure, all the dogs fell over at the same time, being startled by the noise; but that was a small affair, and the cry of "I've hit him!" continued until all our cartridges had been shot away. After that we sat no more upon the platform, but studied types in the smoking compartment.

It was interesting as we went further west to see how the American element had impinged upon the Canadian. The politics that men talked were not Canadian politics. The conductors and even the brakemen were betting upon the election in the United States. The people who got on and off at the infrequent stations were, nine-tenths of them, countrymen of ours. Often, to be sure, they were not residents of Canada, but were merely there on temporary business; yet one could see and hear the effects of American emigration into the rich lands whose virgin soil has not yet begun to be exhausted by producing several crops a year.

I hold in grateful remembrance a long lank man from Minneapolis, who for a day and a half before reaching Winnipeg made much talk about himself and about the city where he lived. He confessed that he had not been born there, but was trying hard, so he said, "to ketch up." He was the embodiment of activity. His face was lean and eager. His eyes were bright and keen. He wore a diamond pin, and on his feet were two russet shoes of phenomenal length and with soles of phenomenal thickness. When he talked, he twisted his legs around each other in a grapevine sort of fashion, and the glibness of his tongue was beyond the glibness of any other tongue that I have ever listened to.

"You're from the East? Well, I thought so. I *was* from the East myself,

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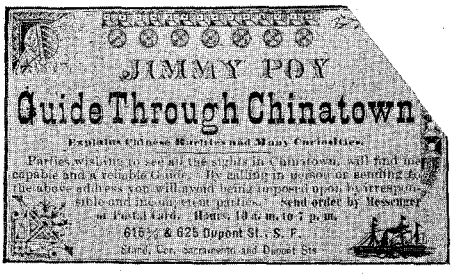


A RELIC OF THE CHINATOWN THAT WAS

but don't you stay there. Come out to Minnesota or Wisconsin, and get alive. There's nothing in the East. It's all squeezed out. Why, there's men there working—actually working—for fifteen or twenty dollars a week. If they'd only come out West, they could sleep all day and make as much as that, 'n if they hustled around an hour or two a day they'd get three or four hundred dollars a month. Poor yaps! They don't know it, but it's so. Everyone makes money in the West."

"But," said I, "there have been very hard times in the West, when no money was in sight at all. It was only two or three years ago that you were passing around barbers' tickets and street-car checks, and all sorts of bogus paper, because you hadn't any real money."

The Man from Minneapolis leered triumphantly.

"Well," he said, "don't that prove that we're a bigger people than you fellers in the East? I'll bet you couldn't do anything with barbers' tickets and car-checks in the East. Nobody'd take 'em there; but out West, when we haven't got any real money, we pass out any old thing and it goes, for the time, just the same as gold certificates. You see the difference is this. When a panic comes along, you Eastern fellers all sit around and howl and think that everything is busted up for fair. We don't do that. We say to ourselves that this is just an ordinary little riffle, just an accident, and that pretty soon everything will be twice as good as ever. We've got hope, we have, and we believe in ourselves, and we ain't afraid. That's why I tell you to come out West, and bank on the future."

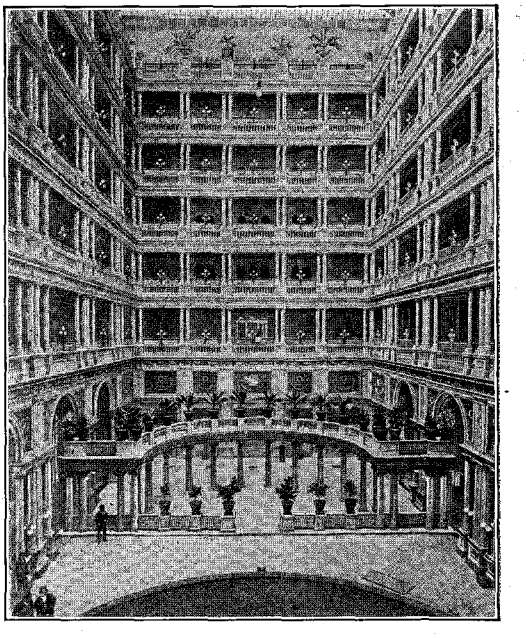
He was a very convincing person, this Man from Minneapolis. He would boast about anything—about their epidemics and the intensity of their cold, and especially about their cyclones. He was particularly proud of the cyclones.

"I tell you," said he, "Minnesota's the place for cyclones. Over in North Dakota they have a few, but they're only balmy little breezes compared with what we get in Minnesota. When you hear a noise and see a sort of twirly thing coming way off in the distance, then you just want to drop everything and slide down into your cyclone cellar as fast as you can put for it."

"Of course, though," said I, "that must be out in the open prairie. They don't have cyclones in Minneapolis."

The Man from Minneapolis looked at me with scorn.

"Well, you bet they do," he said. "Minneapolis has been ripped up the back half a dozen times since I was there. There's rows and rows of the most beautiful private houses just outside the city, and every one of them has got a cyclone cellar. When I first went out there, I lived in a boarding-house, and one morning I found a man nailing timber across the windows."



THE PATIO OF THE OLD PALACE HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

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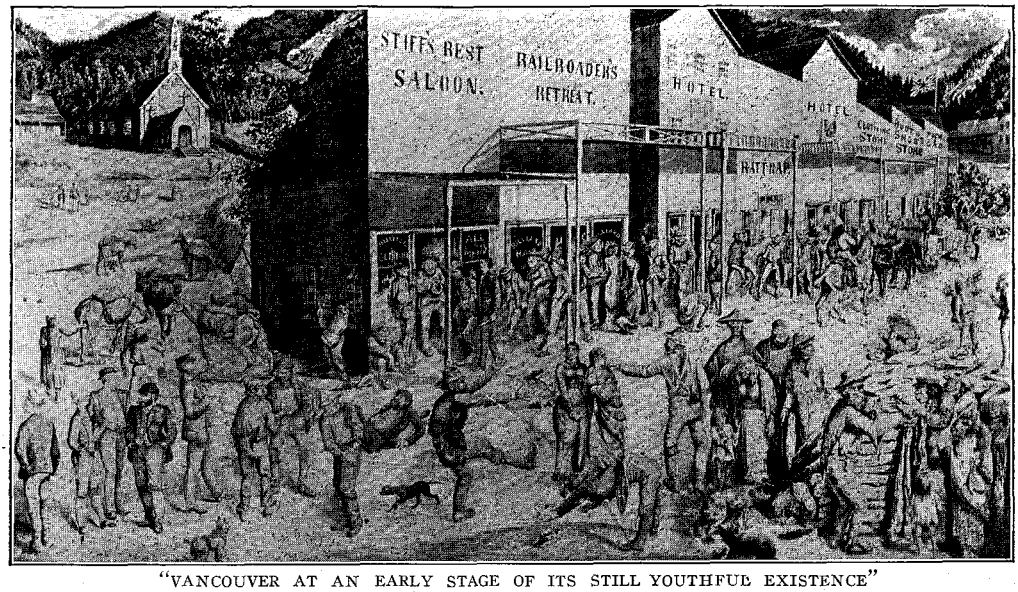

"VANCOUVER AT AN EARLY STAGE OF ITS STILL YOUTHFUL EXISTENCE"

"What was that for?"

"Why, of course, to keep the windows from blowing in."

"Well," said I, "I never heard of that, and I never read in the papers anything about the epidemic of infantile paralysis that you spoke of a little while ago."

The Man from Minneapolis grinned hugely at this and uncoiled his legs with pure delight.

"No," he answered, "I'll bet you didn't, and you never will. You see, we've got things fixed out there. The whole State's a regular press bureau, and everybody's in it. Just let something fine happen, and you'll read about it in every newspaper in the East; but when things go wrong, never a word of it gets into any paper anywhere. Oh, we're solid out in Minneapolis!"

Presently he rushed out of the "smoker" and, after rummaging in his valise, returned with a large book full of illustrations beautifully printed on heavy paper.

"Now I'll show you," he said; "look at them three banks. I guess you haven't got anything finer than them in the East. And say! It ain't all business, either. Look at this university building. Why, it's got all your universities skinned a mile. And here's the biggest hotel in Minneapolis, just built. Ain't that handsome?"

I said that it was a very imposing building. But after looking at it carefully, I made a comment.

"Yes, it's a fine building, but it doesn't seem to fit in with your statement about cyclones. The windows have no protection whatever. How is it that they aren't all blown in?"

The Man from Minneapolis fell into a perfect ecstasy when I made this criticism. He winked at me three or four times, slapped his knee, and then chuckled for several minutes. Then he said in a tone of infinite satisfaction:

"Well, I guess them windows are pretty well protected. Every one of 'em's got a steel blind that draws down over the glass just as tight as they can fix it. But don't you see? We ain't putting them steel blinds into the picture. That picture's going all over the East, and I guess we don't want to show up any steel blinds. All the same," he continued, reflectively, "them blinds is real pretty. They're painted green, and you wouldn't ever know they was steel."

Thus, and at much greater length, discoursed the Man from Minneapolis. When he got out at Winnipeg, he said rather regretfully:

"If I'd been born in Minneapolis, I

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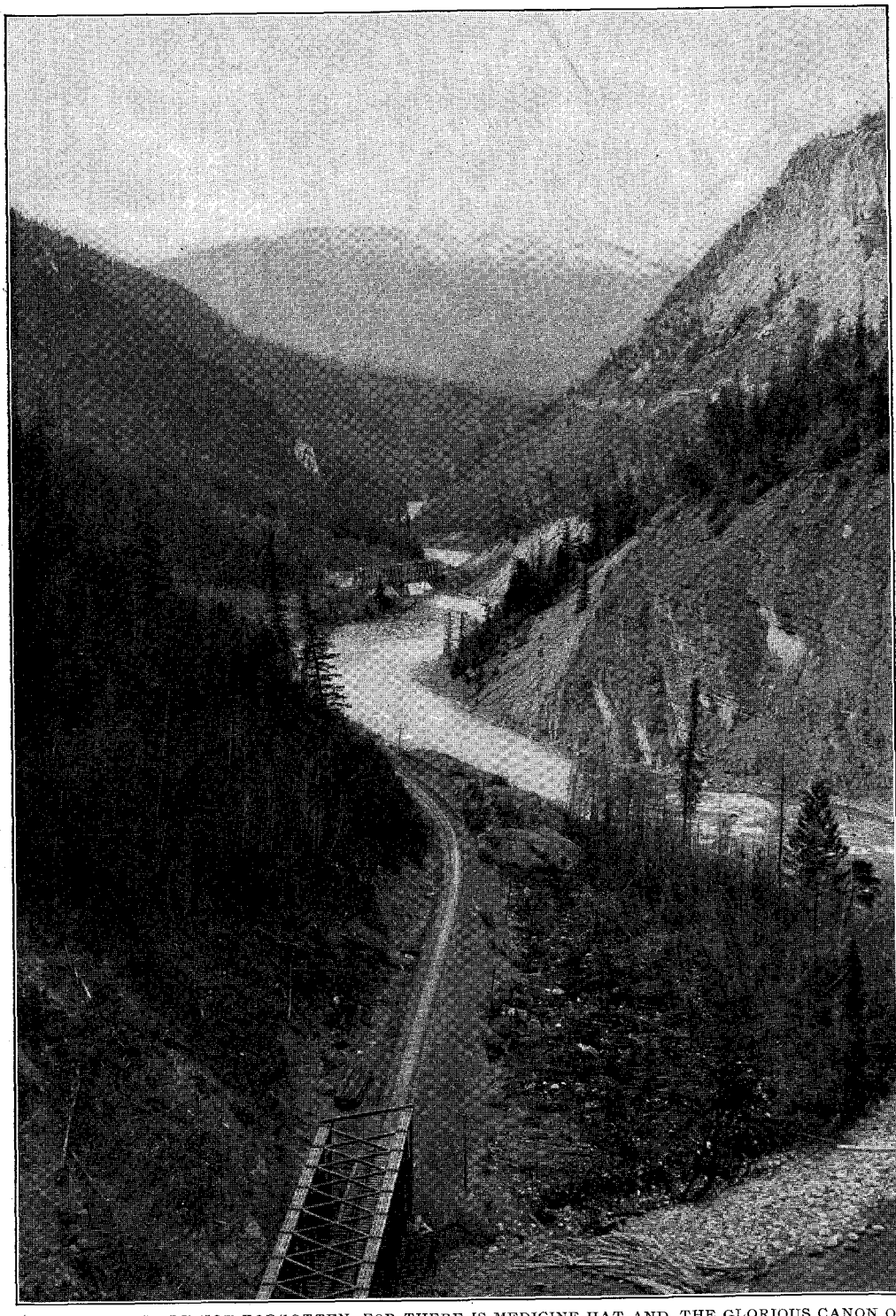

"THE INDIANS ARE NOT FORGOTTEN, FOR THERE IS MEDICINE HAT AND THE GLORIOUS CANON OF THE KICKING HORSE RIVER. IT IS AT THIS LAST PLACE, INDEED, THAT YOU BEGIN TO FIND SCENERY AS BEAUTIFUL AS ANY IN THE WORLD. DOWN IN THE GREAT CLEFT BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS THERE ROARS AND FOAMS AND THUNDERS THE TREMENDOUS TORRENT OF THE PENT-UP STREAM."

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guess I wouldn't let you go. I'd follow you just as far as you went yourself. Yes, sir, I'd just track you down. Well, good-bye."

Just what the Man from Minneapolis meant by this dark saying I have never been quite sure; but probably if he had tracked me down, he would have either sold me something, or have got me to endorse his note, or have given me a thousand shares in a nascent railroad. But he departed, hurrying up the streets of Winnipeg, and I never saw him any more. On the whole, he was an inspiring person, and he really did typify the conquering American who never gives up, who has infinite courage, and whose faith in the future never falters for a moment.

After leaving Winnipeg, there was more prairie, but presently the monotony was broken by the spurs of mountains which prepare one for the grandeur of the Rockies. Little stations caused the train to stop at times, though I do not know precisely at what times; for the Canadian Pacific Railway is run on the twenty-four hour system and it is too much trouble for an irresponsible traveller to figure out into ordinary notation such hours as half-past eighteen o'clock, and twenty-three o'clock, and things like that. What difference did it make? The train ran smoothly. Everything was harmonious. The air was fresh and bracing, and there was a delightful absence of cinders.

Merely as a study in geographical terminology, I couldn't help noticing how the English and American elements of these western provinces were curiously commingled. Regina smacked of Canada—of English Canada. Brandon and Mortlake and Suffield and Rosslyn and Revelstoke were the English of England. But right here on British soil you come across a fort which is formally and officially styled Fort Whoop-up, and then you feel that something American has permeated even the military system of Canada. The Indians are not forgotten, for there is the station called Medicine-Hat, besides Kamloops and the glorious cañon of the Kicking Horse River. It is at this last place, indeed, that you begin to find scenery as wild and quite as beautiful as any in the world. Down in the great cleft between the mountains there roars and foams and thunders the tremendous torrent of the pent-up stream. Around the peaks, whose summits in the middle of the summer are white with snow, the two ribbons of steel on which your train is running, wind in the most daring fashion. When the engine is mysteriously transferred to the rear and you are pushed up a steep incline with much groaning and quivering, then you have come to the very Garden of the Gods, to an Olympus more awe-inspiring than that in Thessaly. Now the train pauses, so that you may dine or breakfast at little châlets; and after breakfast you may go out and stand in a patch of blossoming clover. Then presently there will come tumbling down from above, masses of fleecy, pure white snow, which gleams among the clover leaves under a summer sun. It is all most fascinating, and from this time your attention is continually alert—on the green glaciers, the continually increasing height of the mountains, the distant snow fields, the natural bridge, the bridle-trails down which ride at times officers and troopers of the Mounted Police (a splendid set of fighting men), sitting their horses like centaurs; the silver mines, and then the great loop which twists and turns, doubling back upon its own course through long gashes cut into the great Ross Peak. The snow-sheds through which one does not usually pass in summer give striking evidence of what these gorges must be in the depth of winter.

In short, I have never seen anything that could compare with the bold and almost savage beauty of this region. Farther south in the United States the Rockies are fine, yet comparatively tame. The Alps would be almost as fine if they were not peppered all over with inns where people burn blue fire and turn on electric lights under the waterfalls, and where tourists tramp about in such numbers as to make you feel that you are in Piccadilly or sometimes in Bedlam. There will come an age, it may be, when the Rockies and the Selkirks shall also be afflicted in like manner; but as yet they are almost as they were when the Indian whose mummy, discovered

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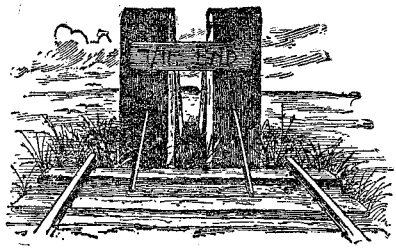
some ten years ago and probably ten centuries old, was gliding in and out of the wild passes, killing his game with flints and gnawing the raw flesh from the bones.

At Vancouver you go by steamer to Victoria and find that you have come out once more into civilisation. It is not the civilisation that one expects upon the Pacific Coast, but a much older one than that, with beautiful broad streets, dignified-looking country houses, with parks and flower gardens, and British to the last degree. It might be in Kent or in any part of England, were the sky not so beautifully bright and blue. It is a stolid, well-behaved and most respectable city. How it happened to be there it is difficult to say. The Doctor and I had a sort of theory that the place was a whited sepulchre; and that being so very far west, it must somehow have dangerous and deadly points about it—if not by day, at least by night. Therefore, we purchased some more cartridges and, like Mr. Richard Harding Davis in Port Said, sallied forth to see what frightful things we could discover. The lights in all the houses were extinguished and the streets were empty, yet we did not allow these facts to shake our theory; and indeed, after prowling for a long while, we came upon a place in which some lights were glimmering. As it was obviously not a private house and as the front door was ajar, we ventured cautiously to enter it, keeping each one hand upon the butt of a revolver. And then we found—two bank presidents playing billiards. Therefore, I hereby cheerfully give the city of Victoria, B. C., a certificate of character and really do believe that all its people except bank presidents retire at nine P. M.

It is a more comfortable mode of travelling to go from Vancouver to San Francisco entirely by rail; yet, as it is worth while to have made a voyage upon the Pacific, you can take a particularly vicious and much-rolling steamer, on which they will feed you curried rice and get you past the Golden Gate at just about the time when the most hideous desert would seem delightful to you, after so much tossing and shaking and so much curried rice. The Golden Gate is itself exquisitely beautiful—most of all when you glide through it while the moonlight is touching the rocks and making them appear to be great masses of lustrous pearls surrounding a sea of molten silver. And then the custom house officials are of a different breed from those who infest New York. You can enter the port at any hour of the night and they do not seem to be ruffled; nor, on the other hand, do they ruffle you.

As to San Francisco I cannot write; for the San Francisco that was mine has been wrecked by earthquake and consumed by fire. What need for me to tell of the din of Market Street, of the great *patio* in the Palace Hotel, of the Café Riche, of the Chinatown that was, of the Cliff House that I knew, of the thousand and one delightful reminders of the time when men called the city "Yerba Buena" in their mellifluous Castilian tongue, and of the later days when its history was one of mingled showers and sunshine. All these have been described by Mr. Irwin in a manner which I could not hope to rival and with a knowledge which no casual traveller could possibly possess. To that older San Francisco I pay the tribute of a reverential silence, pronouncing the single word which best befits it—*Adios.*



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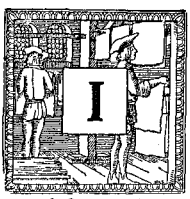
"BEST SELLERS" OF YESTERDAY

I—Augusta Jane Evans's "St. Elmo"

I



IT was in 1866, just two years before the beginning of the Reconstruction Period in the Southern States, that Augusta Jane Evans's *St. Elmo* first appeared, being issued from the press of the G. W. Carleton Company of New York. By the time that the first carpet-bagger from the North had gathered together his meagre belongings and left his home for the purpose of adding his unwelcome presence to the already heavy burdens of the Southern people, the fame of the story had reached every corner of the land. Its astonishing popularity had been perpetuated in hundreds of material monuments, for it seemed that only in a material way could the admirers of the book give adequate expression of their enthusiasm. For example, the carpet-bagger might travel southward by water by a steamboat named the "St. Elmo"; or by land by the "St. Elmo" coach. In any number of Southern towns he might find bed and refreshment at the "St. Elmo" Hotel. Some of the towns themselves had been rechristened "St. Elmo." He could quaff, and in many cases probably did, great quantities of "St. Elmo" punch, and see fine visions of loot and political advancement in the smoke of certain particularly atrocious cigars of the "St. Elmo" brand. With the possible exception of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the story of the sardonic St. Elmo Murray and the utterly preposterous Edna Earl has been more thumbed, admired and abused than any other novel of our so-called literature. For this reason it is selected as the first book to be discussed in this series of the Best Sellers of Yesterday.

II

One day in the summer of 1859 there came to the offices of Derby and Jackson, publishers, then situated in Nassau Street, New York City, a young Southern woman with a manuscript for publication. She told Mr. J. C. Derby, who received her, that the manuscript was a novel with the scene laid in the South, that it was not her first effort, since a few years before the Harpers had published *Inez, a Tale of the Alamo,* which had had a reception that was not very encouraging. *Inez,* however, had been written when she was in her teens, she herself had always been dissatisfied with it, and she now thought, she said, that she had written a book that the public would read. When Mr. Derby asked her if the book had been offered elsewhere she answered very frankly that it had been declined by the Appletons. Mr. Derby read the manuscript of *Beulah* and decided to publish it. In this decision he was doubly wise. *Beulah* was a success almost from the beginning, justifying the publisher's rather hasty judgment. And, in the second place, when Miss Evans called for the publisher's decision she was accompanied by her cousin, a nervous and fiery young Southerner, who spent his time during the interview apparently examining the books lining the room. He afterward confessed to Mr. Derby that he had been listening very attentively and had made up his mind, in case of a rejection, to hurl one of the volumes at the publisher's head. By way of comment Mr. Derby naïvely adds, "Colonel Jones was a most estimable man, devotedly attached to his cousin." Hardly was *Beulah* fairly launched than there came the Civil War, temporarily suspending the publication of works of fiction. The story of the young writer's trials during the struggle is the usual pathetic story. Occasionally word from her made its way through the lines to her friends in the North. In 1863 she sent Mr. Derby, by a blockade-runner, via Cuba, a copy of her novel *Macaria,* which had been published by a Richmond firm. The volume was printed on coarse brown paper, the copyright entered according to the "Confederate States of America," and dedicated

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"to the brave soldiers of the Southern army." Some parts of *Macaria* had been scribbled in pencil when Miss Evans was nursing the sick soldiers in the hospital attached to "Camp Beulah," near Mobile. In after years the author wrote of the book, "my very heart beat in its pages, coarse and brown though the dear old Confederate paper was." *Macaria* was a great favourite about the Southern campfires and in the Southern hospitals. It was seized and destroyed by some Federal general who commanded in Kentucky and Tennessee, and who burned all the copies of the Confederate edition that he could find.

From the Richmond house Miss Evans received but little return from the sales of *Macaria*. When the Southern capitol fell a considerable sum in Confederate money was owed the author. This, of course, she never received. After the war she applied for a settlement. The publishers said that the books and accounts had been destroyed, or were so confused that any payment was an impossibility. Meanwhile her family had lost everything, and when, in the summer of 1865, the author made her way to New York, it was in a condition almost penniless. To her astonishment she found that she had a considerable amount subject to her order for copyright on an edition of *Macaria* of which she had known nothing.

When, two years before, Mr. Derby had received the copy of the book sent by the blockade-runner, he took it to Mr. J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and arranged for its publication in uniform style with *Beulah*. It was immediately announced by the publishers as in press, when it was learned that a rival publisher, who had received a copy of *Macaria* through the lines, had printed and nearly ready for the market an edition of five thousand copies. Mr. Derby went to this publisher and asked him what copyright he intended to pay the author. The reply was, that "the author, being an arch rebel, was not entitled to copyright, and would receive none." Very emphatic remonstrance on the part of Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Derby led to an arrangement by which the piratically inclined publisher agreed to pay a royalty in trust to Mr. Derby for the author on all copies sold, in consideration of the withdrawal of the Lippincott edition. It was on this money that Miss Evans lived while finishing the writing of *St. Elmo*, which had been begun some time before Lee's surrender.

III

For a fair and kindly judgment of *St. Elmo* one must take into serious consideration the period in which and for which it was written. It was a period in which the national sense of humour was not over strong. We were still sensitive, almost to the point of rawness, of what Europeans thought and said of us. False ideals predominated; stiltedness and exaggeration were in the social and political air. The Colonel Divers, Jefferson Bricks, Major Pawkinses, and Professor Mullits of whom Dickens had written in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, were still heard loud in the land. To fiction people turned, not to be provoked to laughter, but to be moved to tears. The Byronic tradition still held sway. The Manfreds, and the Laras, and the Corsairs appealed strongly to the feminine imagination. Poseur and poseuse were in high fashion. The perfect type of hero of the time was found in Charlotte Brontë's Edward Rochester of *Jane Eyre*. For such a day, such a hero as St. Elmo Murray; for a hero like St. Elmo Murray, a heroine like Edna Earl. It is her story, rather than his which is the story of the book.

We meet her first, a child of twelve, standing at dawn, outlined against Lookout Mountain. She is an orphan of humble but respectable parentage, who lives with her mother's father, Aaron Hunt, the village blacksmith, and his second wife. In the first few pages of the book Edna witnesses a duel with fatal result, and being already a preacher and a stern moralist, she denounces the survivor as a murderer, and violently refutes the arguments of those who attempt to explain to her what they term Honourable Satisfaction. Soon after the duel she encounters a disagreeable stranger, who is rude to her grandfather when the blacksmith is shoeing his—the stranger's—horse and who rides off leaving behind him a copy of Dante, on the flyleaf of

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which are written the initials "S. E. M.," and a fine Italian quotation. A year passes. Edna's grandfather dies, and then his wife, and the child, after staying for a time with kind but poor friends, she starts for Columbus, Georgia, for the purpose of finding work in a factory. The train by which she is travelling is wrecked, and Edna, badly crushed, is taken to the stately home of Mrs. Murray, to be nursed back to health and strength. It is in this home, known as Le Bocage, that the story really begins.

The mistress of Le Bocage, a woman of ripe middle age, is, of course, vastly impressed by the virtues of the heroine, and invites her to make the house her home until she is eighteen. It is at this point that Satan enters Paradise, Satan in the person of St. Elmo Murray. Tall, not exactly young, yet certainly not elderly, with features bold but regular, piercing steel grey eyes, and a mouth that "wore a chronic, savage sneer as if it only opened to utter jeers and curses"—this was the American Edward Rochester that stepped into the life of the little American Jane Eyre. But let Miss Evans describe him:

> Symmetrical and grand as that temple of Juno, in shrouded Pompeii, whose polished shafts gleamed centuries ago in the morning sunshine of a day of woe, whose untimely night has endured for nineteen hundred years, so, in the glorious flush of his youth, this man had stood facing a noble and possibly a sanctified future; but the ungovernable flames of sin had reduced him, like that darkened and desecrated fane, to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns, where ministering priests, all holy aspirations, slumbered in the dust.

Coming back to earth after this lofty flight the author goes on to say that her hero's dress was "costly but negligent." No wonder little Edna Earl was impressed and appalled, for in addition to all this she recognises in the son of her protectress the rude, blasphemous man who had insulted her grandfather, and riding away left behind him the copy of Dante.

IV

When *St. Elmo* was in the full flush of its popularity, a parody of the book, entitled *St. Twelvemo,* written by "Jean Paul," enjoyed considerable success. That it should have been deemed possible to parody the story is, in itself, a significant and ironical comment on the age. It meant that no rhetorical extravagance was too strong to be taken seriously. It means that we should temper our judgment and curb our laughter in this, a less stilted day. For, after all, it was for the seventh decade of the nineteenth and not for the first decade of the twentieth century that the story of Edna and St. Elmo was written, and the old order found the tale much to its liking.

Despite his cynical "Ha! ha's!" and his violent outbreaks of temper, there are soon apparent signs of the dawn of a better nature in the grim hero. Although he professes the utmost dislike for his mother's little protegée, and is contemptuous of her piety, he saves her from being torn to pieces by a savage dog, and honours her with certain small crumbs of his confidence. Meanwhile the little lady, under the instruction of Mr. Hammond, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, is becoming the most erudite of all the daughters of Eve.

> The comprehensive and very thorough curriculum of studies now eagerly commenced by Edna, and along which she was gently and skilfully guided by the kind hand of the teacher, furnished the mental aliment for which she hungered, gave constant and judicious exercise to her active intellect, and induced her to visit the quiet parsonage library as assiduously as did Horace, Valgius, and Virgil the gardens on the Esquiline where Mæcenas held his literary assize. Instead of skimming a few text-books that cram the brain with unwieldy scientific technicalities and pompous philosophic terminology, her range of thought and study gradually stretched out into a broader, grander cycle, embracing, as she grew older, the application of those great principles that underlie modern science and crop out in ever-varying phenomena and empirical classifications. Edna's tutor seemed impressed with the fallacy of the popular system of acquiring one branch of learning at a time, locking it away as in drawers of rubbish, never to be opened, where it moulders in shapeless confusion till swept out ultimately to make room for more recent scientific invoices. Thus in lieu of the

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educational plan of "finishing natural philosophy and chemistry this session, and geology and astronomy next term, and taking up moral science and criticism the year we graduate," Mr. Hammond allowed his pupil to finish and lay aside none of her studies; but sought to impress upon her the great value of Blackstone's aphorism: "For sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighbourhood of each other; nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistance drawn from other arts."

With the early months of the autumn, we are told, there came much company to Le Bocage. There were "elegant dinners and *petits soupers* that would not have disgraced Tusculum, or made Lucullus blush when Pompey and Cicero sought to surprise him in the Apollo." When the guests have all gone St. Elmo himself feels the need of a change, and announces his intention of taking a little four years' trip to Oceanica. Before his departure he calls Edna to him, and entrusts to her the key to his secret vault, which she is enjoined not to open during his absence. Then Bluebeard rides away and little Fatima—of sterner stuff, I promise you, than the curious and unfortunate lady of the Breton tale—goes back to her "Basilidian tenets" and her "Cufic lore."

There comes upon the scene one Gordon Leigh, the first of a long line of suitors for Edna's hand. The two study Hebrew together at the parsonage, and Leigh, although a youth of no great apparent parts, woos with such a fine wealth of classical quotation that we wonder how any Augusta Evans's heroine of seventeen years can have the heart to refuse him. But somehow the reader has by this time caught the idea that in the girl's mind there is the image of the absent traveller—though, you may be sure, she doesn't suspect it herself—and when, at the expiration of the four years to a day, St. Elmo reappears, somewhat less savage than before, and finds that Edna has been absolutely and unfemininely faithful to her trust, events begin to move in a much less leisurely manner. Other characters come on the scene; for example, Estelle Harding, a cousin of St. Elmo, who regards the orphan with distinct disfavour, a disfavour of which Edna is quite conscious, for, as she says to her first admirer, Gordon: "Thank you, Mr. Leigh. I am aware of her antipathy, though of its cause I am ignorant; and our intercourse is limited to the salutations of the day, and the courtesies of the table." From which it will be seen that Miss Earl had some weight as an elegant conversationalist. Also there comes Clinton Allston, whom Edna recognises as the survivor of the duel that she had witnessed in her childhood, with whom she refuses to shake hands, and whose presence gives her the opportunity for a fine strain of moralising. "Shake hands with Clinton Allston?" she says. "I would sooner stretch out my fingers to clasp those of Gardiner, reeking with the blood of his victims, or those of Ravaillac. Ah! well might Dante shudder in painting the chilling horrors of Caïna." But Clinton Allston and Estelle Harding are of minor importance in bringing matters to a crisis compared to Agnes Powell and her daughter Gertrude, the niece and grandniece of the Reverend Mr. Hammond, who come to visit at the parsonage. The news of their presence creates a strange and mysterious excitement at Le Bocage, and all eyes save those of Edna Earl are directed curiously toward St. Elmo. "Mrs. Murray involuntarily laid her hand on her son's knee and watched his face with an expression of breathless anxiety; though his lips blanched, not a muscle moved, not a nerve twitched; and only the deadly hate, that appeared to leap into his large, shadowy eyes, told that the name stirred some bitter memory." What that bitter memory is, the sinister story of the hero's blasted life, Edna is soon to learn. It is in the old church, in the fading daylight, that St. Elmo tells her of his love for her, and pours out the details of his miserable history.

"Edna, I roll away the stone from the charnel house of the past, and call forth the Lazarus of my buried youth, my hopes, my faith in God, my trust in human nature, my charity, my slaughtered manhood! My Lazarus has tenanted the grave for nearly twenty years, and comes forth, at my bidding, a grinning skeleton."

Twenty years before St. Elmo had loved Agnes Hunt, Mr. Hammond's

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niece. His closest friend, his confidante, his adviser, and the recipient of his ardent boyish generosity, had been Allan Hammond, the minister's son. Agnes and St. Elmo were engaged. St. Elmo, after an absence, had returned unexpectedly to find the cousins in each other's arms, to hear himself ridiculed and sneered at, to learn that his betrothed and his bosom friend had always loved each other, but that poverty had stubbornly barred their marriage, and that she was to be sacrificed to secure St. Elmo's fortune for the use of both. In an instant the affectionate boy had been transformed into a fiend thirsting for vengeance. Allan Hammond he had killed in a duel. Not satisfied, he had visited her brother's sin on gentle, innocent Annie Hammond, whom he had left heartbroken on the steps of the church, and whose petition he had refused when she had called him to her deathbed.

V

In the meantime Edna Earl, as might be expected, has been cherishing literary ambitions, and finding her conscience unable to reconcile itself with the idea of a matrimonial alliance with St. Elmo Murray, despite the feelings of her rebellious little heart, she leaves Le Bocage to go to New York, where she has obtained a position as governess to the two children of a Mrs. Andrews. In the metropolis Edna finds her home in what Miss Evans described as "one of those palatial houses on Fifth Avenue which make the name of the street a synonym for almost royal luxury and magnificence," and is speedily placed in charge of Felix, a crippled boy of twelve years of age, and of Felix's sister Hattie, four years younger. That Edna is no ordinary governess becomes soon very evident to those about her, especially when the great Mr. Manning calls upon her and recognises her as one of the contributors of his distinguished magazine. Once we have met Douglass Manning, all the extravagances of St. Elmo Murray pale into insignificance. He is the very essence, the *dernier cri* of Augustajaneevansism. These be degenerate days in magazine circles (*Tempora mutantur* or *autre temps, autres mœurs* Miss Evans would probably have learnedly quoted), for with a rather wide acquaintance among magazine editors, the present writer humbly confesses himself to be quite appalled by what for a better word must be called the richness of Mr. Manning's professional advice.

"Miss Earl, the objection I urge against the novel you are preparing does not apply to magazine essays, where an author may concentrate all the erudition he can obtain and ventilate it unchallenged; for review writers now serve the public in much the same capacity that cup-bearers did royalty in ancient days; and they are expected to taste strong liquors as well as sweet cordials and sour light wines. Moreover, a certain haze of sanctity envelops the precincts of 'Maga,' whence the incognito 'we' thunders with oracular power; for, notwithstanding the rapid annihilation of all classic faith in modern times which permits the conversion of Virgil's Avernus into a model oyster-farm, the credulous public fondly cling to the myth that editorial sanctums alone possess the sacred tripod of Delphi."

But Mr. Manning's interest in our heroine soon becomes, as might be inferred, personal rather than professional. He asks Edna to marry him. Listen, young ladies, to the fashion in which gentlemen offered proposals of marriage in the year eighteen fifty something or other.

"My allusion was to yourself, not to the magazine, which I presume I shall edit as long as I live. Miss Earl, this state of affairs cannot continue. You have no regard for your health, which is suffering materially, and you are destroying yourself. You must let me take care of you, and save you from the ceaseless toil in which you are rapidly wearing out your life. To teach, as you do, all day, and then sit up nearly all night to write, would exhaust a constitution of steel or brass. You are probably not aware of the great change which has taken place in your appearance during the last three months. Hitherto circumstances may have left you no alternative, but one is now offered you. My property is sufficient to render you comfortable. I have already purchased a pleasant home, to which I shall remove next week, and I want you to share it with me—to share my future—all that I have. You have known me scarcely a year, but you

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are not a stranger to my character or position, and I think that you repose implicit confidence in me. Notwithstanding the unfortunate disparity in our years, I believe we are becoming mutually dependent on each other, and in your society I find a charm such as no other human being possesses; though I have no right to expect that a girl of your age can derive equal pleasure from the companionship of a man old enough to be her father. I am not demonstrative, but my feelings are warm and deep; and however incredulous you may be, I assure you that you are the first, the only woman I have ever asked to be my wife. I have known many who were handsome and intellectual, whose society I have really enjoyed, but not one until I met you whom I would have married. To you alone am I willing to entrust the education of my little Lila. She was but six months old when we were wrecked off Barnegat, and, in attempting to save his wife, my brother was lost. With the child in my arms I clung to a spar, and finally swam ashore; and since then, regarding her as a sacred treasure committed to my guardianship, I have faithfully endeavored to supply her father's place. There is a singular magnetism about you, Edna Earl, which makes me wish to see your face always at my hearthstone; and for the first time in my life I want to say to the world, 'This woman wears my name, and belongs to me for ever!' You are inordinately ambitious; I can lift you to a position that will fully satisfy you, and place you above the necessity of daily labour—a position of happiness and ease, where your genius can properly develop itself. Can you consent to be Douglass Manning's wife?"

Sometime later, after proposing again and again being rejected, Mr. Manning suggests a scheme by which Edna can travel and superintend the education of his little deaf and dumb niece Lila. This also being "declined with thanks" the editor comments:

"Edna Earl, your stubborn will makes you nearly akin to those gigantic fuci which are said to grow and flourish as submarine forests in the stormy channel of Terra del Fuego, where they shake their heads defiantly, always trembling, always triumphing, in the fierce lashing of waves that wear away rocks. You belong to a very rare order of human algæ, rocked and reared in the midst of tempests that would either bow down, or snap asunder, or beat out most natures. As you will not grant my petition, try to forget it; we will bury the subject. Good-by! I shall call to-morrow afternoon to take you to drive."

VI

But the list of Edna Earl's suitors is not yet complete. There must be the flavour of international conquest, and so to the names of Gordon Leigh, of Douglass Manning, and St. Elmo Murray, add that of Sir Roger Percival, the great catch of the season, for whom every second heiress of New York seems to be angling. But the Englishman fares no better than the others at the hands of the rigid little bluestocking, and so disconsolately he sails away, leaving Edna to her long nights of literary labour, her meditations over the well-beloved but as yet unforgiven St. Elmo, and her care for the poor crippled boy Felix. There is just a touch of genuine pathos in the story of the child and of his death, a death to slow music, in the manner of Dickens, a faint echo of the deaths of Little Nell and of Paul Dombey. It is in Italy, on the Bay of Genoa, whither Mrs. Andrews, and Edna, and her two charges have journeyed in futile hope. Day by day and hour by hour Felix grows weaker until they see the stealing of the final change.

The night waned, the life with it; now and then the breathing seemed to cease, but after a few seconds a faint gasp told that the clay would not yet forego its hold on the soul that struggled to be free.

The poor mother seemed almost beside herself, as she called on her child to speak to her once more.

"Sing something, Edna; oh! perhaps he will hear! It might rouse him!"

The orphan shook her head, and dropped her face on his.

"He would not hear me; no, no! He is listening to the song of those whose golden harps ring in the New Jerusalem."

Out of the whitening east rose the new day, radiant in bridal garments, wearing a star on its pearly brow; and the sky flushed, and the sea glowed, while silvery mists rolled up from the purple mountain gorges, and rested awhile on the summits of the Apennines, and sunshine streamed over the world once more.

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The first rays flashed into the room, kissing the withered flowers on the bosom of the cripple, and falling warm and bright on the cold eyelids and the pulseless temples. Edna's hand was pressed to his heart, and she knew that it had given its last weary throb; knew that Felix Andrews had crossed the sea of glass, and in the dawn of the Eternal day wore the promised morning-star, and stood in peace before the Sun of Righteousness.

Again in New York, in the full flush of triumph and recognition, Edna's cup of happiness is far from full. She cannot drive from her the memory of the man whom she had first learned to hate when she was a child in the shadow of Lookout Mountain, and whose hold upon her, despite absence and the passionate resistance of her conscience, seems to grow stronger with every month. At length a call, an imperative call, takes her once more back to Le Bocage and the parsonage of her early studies and ambitions. And there, in the old familiar scenes, the story plays itself out, with St. Elmo's complete repentance and ordination into the ministry, and the final good old happy ending that has never yet failed to bring a certain thrill to the manly or the womanly heart.

Edna looked reverently up at his beaming countenance, whence the shadows of hate and scorn had long since passed; and, as his splendid eyes came back to hers, reading in her beautiful, pure face all her love and confidence and happy hope, he drew her closer to his bosom, and laid his dark cheek on hers, saying fondly and proudly:

My wife, my life. Oh! we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. My hopes and thine are one.
Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself,
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

VII

And, in conclusion, the Author and her Critics. All her life her attitude toward criticism remained the same. She was a woman, living in an atmosphere of adulation, and unquestionably more than a little spoiled. As has been said, the day of *St. Elmo* was a day of flowery exaggeration. It was so easy and so natural that she should accept at the highest value the hundreds of letters of appreciation that told her of the lives won back to righteousness by the example of her Beulahs, Infelices, and Edna Earls; of the St. Elmo Murrays, plucked "brands from the burning"—the letters that went often to the very point of hysteria. It was so easy to ascribe any more conservative estimate of her work to downright hostility, to write and to think constantly of Envy with a capital E. Poor, passionate-hearted, talented, humourless little lady! You had so often heard yourself heralded resoundingly as the De Staël of the South, so often had seen in pages that were more rhetorical than discriminating your name linked with the names of George Eliot, and George Meredith, and Bulwer-Lytton. Is it any wonder that laughter jarred you, stung you to the quick; that the slighest inflection of mockery, even when it was born of nothing more than animal spirits and kindly feeling, seemed to you to come straight from a mind that could not be otherwise than tainted and depraved? What to you was the voice of criticism but the sinister howl of a soul given over irrevocably to the Hosts of Evil? Of course, you would have summed up the matter in language infinitely more elegant and erudite, with many fine classical allusions, and elaborate quotations from tongues living and dead.

When Edna Earl's first book had found a publisher, the young lady waited in suspense for the "result of the weighing in editors' sanctums, for the awful verdict of the critical Sanhedrim."

Newspapers pronounced her book a failure. Some sneered in a gentlemanly manner, employing polite phraseology; others coarsely caricatured it. Many were insulted by its incomprehensible erudition; a few growled at its shallowness. To-day there was a hint at plagiarism; to-morrow an outright, wholesale theft was asserted. Now she was a pedant; and then a sciolist. Reviews poured in upon her thick and fast; all found grievous faults, but no two reviewers settled on the same error. What one seemed disposed to consider almost laudable the other denounced violently. One

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eminently shrewd, lynx-eyed editor discovered that two of her characters were stolen from a book which Edna had never seen; and another, equally ingenious and penetrating, found her entire plot in a work of which she had never heard; while a third, shocked at her pedantry, indignantly assured her readers that they had been imposed upon, that the learning was all "picked up from encyclopædias"; whereat the young author could not help laughing heartily, and wondered why, if her learning had been so easily gleaned, her irate and insulted critics did not follow her example.

In its mildest and most chastened form this was the author's opinion of her critics. Small wonder that they found huge amusement in hitting back, in taking quick advantage of the opening that was to be found on every page. And yet now, after all the years, when the author is no more, we pause, perhaps just a little bit ashamed. For in *St. Elmo,* under all the pompous phraseology, there was a real story to be told, a story that, so far as rested in the ability of the writer, was well told, a story that has done something to brighten the lives of many tens of thousands of readers. Absurd as it too often is, there was not a line of it that was not inspired by a belief in lofty ideals and a passionate sincerity that checks the laughter on the lips. Four and forty years have passed since it first came to mystify and to impress, and yet to-day Augusta J. Evans's *St. Elmo* is not only not forgotten; it remains an early chapter in the code of life.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

The year is still young and the holiday feeling lingers. Therefore, we venture to print a pleasant meed of praise for THE BOOKMAN, which comes to us from an admired reader in this city.

DEAR BOOKMAN: It is very truly the only magazine of its kind, and so very much the best of the many, especially in the independence and insight of its literary criticism and in the choice of its interesting illustrations that I read with some uneasiness that you plan to be even broader, better, and more interesting than ever before.

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien sometimes, and your present standard in literature is so far above that of our other American magazines that I write this out of pure gratitude, not so much in the hope that you may go beyond the standard, but that you may keep it up.

We thank our correspondent, and shall endeavour to justify the good opinions and good wishes contained in her charming letter.

II

A Catholic clergyman writing us a pleasant note from Dubuque, Iowa, encloses a brief message to one of our readers who asked a question not long since. He says:

Tell "Curious" that we Catholics have always called our books of devotion "Prayer Books."

To us he says:

May your sway in the Letter Box be long!

Many cordial thanks.

III

The gentleman who signs himself "Criticaster" and who favours us with postcards from Indianapolis, has sent us the following:

Imagine my surprise, when reading *It is Never Too Late to Mend,* to find such gross lack of punctuation in the writing of so emi-

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nent an authority and author as Charles Reade. How do you account for this:—or, as the astute Holmes would say, "What hypothesis covers the facts?" We know that a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, could not err through ignorance. Was he, then, careless, or did he consider punctuation immaterial to the interest and value of a story?

Now to lead up to another interesting point, let me ask—What further titles and ranks do you require at the hands of your admirers? Already you have attained to military distinction (nominally); but where are the trophies of your valour? Whose scalps dangle at your girdle (scalps of outraged authors not considered); in whose gore are your mighty hands stained red? Ecclesiastical honour befits you not, you who fume and boil in the sulphurous fumes of your Inferno! Nevertheless, BOOKMAN, let me confer still another *monica*. Knighthood has not yet been bestowed upon you. Kneel! I bring my ivory wand to bear upon your suppliant form. You are now Sir Bookman, Knight of the Bookshelf. By that title may your admirers know you.

CRITICASTER.

As to Charles Reade, this criticism applies to nearly all his books. The fault is to be ascribed partly to his proof-reader, but primarily to his own impetuous and peppery disposition. He wrote at a white heat, dashing off sentence after sentence, with scarcely any regard for matters of punctuation which, as "Criticaster" truly observes, are exceedingly important. It is likely that Reade's proof-reader did not venture to alter the punctuation or lack of punctuation of this fiery genius, lest he should burst into the composing-room with a roar and a demand for blood. As a matter of fact, the public in general would be surprised to learn how great is the indebtedness which most authors owe to proof-readers and to compositors as well. We venture to say that not one manuscript in fifty leaves an author's hands with a rational, consistent, ~~and psychologically accurate~~ punctuation. Much merriment is made at times over typographical errors; yet if the truth were known, the errors of a proof-reader are infinitesimally small when compared with those of an author. It is the author who struts about and gets all the credit, while the proof-reader is too often compelled to bear a burden of blame which is not his or hers.

As to this matter of "titles and ranks," we do not require any further ones; in fact, we never required any at all. The reason why we valued them was that they came so spontaneously and with such evident good feeling as to give them value. We are now General, Colonel, Captain, Admiral, Excellency, and Reverend, and we frankly assert that we deserve all these distinctions. If "Criticaster" has read the Letter Box from the outset, he will readily discover the trophies of our valour. It is precisely because we preside over the Inferno, sometimes pardoning and sometimes condemning, that we are entitled to ecclesiastical preferment. None the less, we are grateful on being dubbed a Knight Bachelor, and we rise from the accolade with a new sense of personal dignity. (By the way, don't say "nominally" but "brevet.")

IV

After much prodding, we have elicited another letter from Mr. Soap O'Loughlin. We must confess that it is an elusive, evasive, and unsatisfactory document. It reads as follows:

DEAR BOOKMAN: Isn't it I that have been looking for a road map all this time and isn't it I that haven't found it? And isn't it I that have just found the reason why? It's because there are no roads! There is, of course, the railroad to Mennolith; but after that you must walk 'cross country straight up toward Mushtong. You can't miss Mushtong, for it's right in the little valley between the mountains Wahassett and Moneemee, of the Maugtung Range. (Mushtong is really a corruption of Maugtung.) My house is just this side of Mushtong and is painted red. The first house you come to will be green and white, and is occupied by a fellow with red whiskers and a ~~cranky wife. So don't go in. Keep straight on~~ to the red house. I warrant you will be treated like a real Connemara Cuckoo.

SOAP O'LOUGHLIN.

The reading of Mr. Soap's directions gave us a bit of a headache; but we are able to append a little notice here to the

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effect that the saponaceous incident is now closed.

V

Comes also a letter written by a gentleman in Swannanoa, North Carolina, in which he expresses his sympathy with our correspondent, the would-be author in El Paso. Incidentally he gives the name of a publication which is ostensibly conducted for the benefit of would-be authors. Our correspondent doubtless wrote his letter in good faith; but we are disinclined to advertise the periodical in question before knowing more about its general reputation.

VI

We don't precisely know whether the following letter, written upon particularly fine paper, is meant as a defence of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, or as an advertisement of pneumatic mattresses, or as a gibe at Dr. Cook. Possibly all three purposes were in the writer's mind. As the letter is very long, we should ordinarily refrain from printing it; but we have spent so much time in deciphering its most peculiar handwriting as to make us feel that it has acquired a certain additional value. So here it is.

My Dear Mr. Bookman: It is rather surprising to find your reviewer choosing as the most vulnerable part of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's newly donned realistic armour, the water-excursions that the quondam romanticist makes his hero and heroine take in turn upon a "portable bed," for, provided that the "portable bed" was a pneumatic mattress—and as the date of the story is so late as the year of grace 1894, there is no anachronism in assuming that it probably was—there is no physical reason why hero and heroine should not together have made extended journeys upon so safe and comfortable a craft. Your constant reader, the present writer, is the happy, though quite unromantic, possessor of an air mattress which on camping expeditions has entirely outdone the ordinary piece of Grand Rapids performing furniture, by serving as the couch of two ladies by night and as the boat of the aforesaid two ladies, two men, and a bulldog, by day.

"I do not believe Mr. Hewlett has ever seen the feat attempted, much less performed it himself." It is not probable, I freely admit, that Mr. Hewlett saw our particular party engaged in its aquatic sports, for so far as we were able to observe the banks they contained only an occasional rustic waiting, with rather more interest than commonly; for the stream to flow by, but shunning the dogmatic and confessedly sceptical spirit of your reviewer, I will not venture to say that Mr. Hewlett may not have been one of those rustic-seeming personages.

My line of reasoning is, however, this: If an air-mattress can serve as a craft for two men, two ladies, and a bulldog, to descend a swift stream, why should not a "portable bed" be comfortably paddled about in a pool by one man or one girl? If such voyages have been made in the prosaic unstoried regions of Central Ohio, why not, *a fortiori,* in the Open Country?

We were all aware that in our voyages upon the *Matratzen-Boot* we were employing a novel and perhaps unconventional means of locomotion, but not until we read the November Bookman did we realise that we were resuming "romance in our realistic days!"

If your reviewer is still inevitably sceptical, I can assure him that the two men and the two ladies are all competent witnesses, being of the purest Caucasian race without admixture of Eskimo or negro blood, that with quite unusual foresight we brought our records home with us, and that we are prepared to submit to him—in confidence—authentic photographs of the two men, the two ladies, and the bulldog, gliding down the swift current of the Mohican upon a "portable bed."

C. T. P.

VII

From the far-off, misty island of Capri, where Tiberius Cæsar once did strange things, comes a picture post-card representing the Column of Phocas in the Roman Forum. We add it to our Gallery, with thanks. On the face of it is the following remark:

It seems to me as if I remember having read "Seafarers" in Kipling's book of poems called *The Seven Seas.*

Yours very truly,
M. M.

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It seems to us as if "M. M." should have consulted *The Seven Seas*. That book does not contain the poem to which reference is made.

VIII

The following remarks are addressed to us, but they are evidently aimed straight *at* the author of the New Baedeker papers. We print them in full, so that in the classic phrase, he may get "all that is coming to him." It is written from Greenfield, Massachusetts, and is in Simple Spelling, which we have corrected.

The caustic sarcasm running through the article in the January BOOKMAN against Lake Pleasant, Mass., will make the good men and women who summer there smile! Oh! it is to laugh, to hear a prejudiced, ignorant man, like New Baedeker, abuse us, without stopping to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. It is rather late in the day to dismiss the subject with an over-night stop, the place evidently being too vile to hold his pure, undefiled, orthodoxy longer!

Let me assure you, Mr. Editor, the place is filled with sincere, intelligent men and women, who meet there each year, to discuss many subjects, occult and educational. It may have its objectionable people—what community has not? He must have been unfortunate enough to meet those I do not come in contact with.

The man writes himself a prejudiced bigot, who seems not to know what kindliness or toleration mean. Does he write so unjustly and unfairly of other places as he does of Lake Pleasant, Mass.? Certainly he gives a detailed impression of a place visited by hundreds of people who receive benefit and comfort from the philosophy of Spiritualism. No right-minded person, whether they represent the colony at Lake Pleasant, Mass., or not, can let the abusive criticism pass without a protest.

The article is misleading, for evidently he made the visit years ago, while the pictures have been taken recently. New Baedeker had better come again and view the place through kindlier eyes—or, is he in that state of mind of the melancholy man, who, standing before a humourist, says defiantly—"Now make me laugh!"

I am proud to subscribe myself,

A LAKE PLEASANT COTTAGER.

IX

A question from Lebanon, Pennsylvania:

Will you kindly tell me in the Letter Box the words that should pass between parties introduced to each other? "Pleased to meet you" is in the "Inferno," where it certainly belongs, but what is the remedy?

A FRIEND AND A BOOKWORM.

"Pleased to meet you" is objectionable chiefly because it omits the personal pronoun, and conveys an impression of haste. Now ellipsis may be pardoned in a business correspondence, as where a person begins his letter: "Have received your favour of the nineteenth and would say in reply, etc., etc.;" though even in business we think the thing deplorable. In private life, however, where the amenities require a leisurely and quite unbusiness-like mode of speech, one should say, "It is a great pleasure to meet you," or "I am very happy to meet you," or "I am very glad to make your acquaintance," or anything else that doesn't savour of a social intercourse which suggests a quick-lunch counter.

X

The Gentleman from British Columbia has sent us a solution of the Mystery of the Silver Loving Cup. We regard it rather dubiously; but we publish it, since no one else has been courageous enough to make the attempt. Possibly the Junior Editor may call us "Zoilus," since we are classically inclined. If he does so, he does it in our absence. But we are quite sure that we never call him "Thesaurus," though we might well do so, since he is really a *thesaurus* filled with many rich nuggets regarding Dumas the Elder, Boxiana, and much other lore upon which we are continually drawing. Likewise, we confess that the work of the Gentleman from British Columbia over the Loving Cup is quite as good as that of the late Ignatius Donnelly over Shakespeare. Here is the alleged solution:

It is all very simple. The Loving Cup is from the Junior Editor, as can be proved by

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the phrase on the cup: "Eidgenoschiches Schützenfest, 1904. St. Gallen," is merely anagrammatic—1904 being the key—and by rearrangement we get—

ZOILUS: CHANGE THESE
FLINGS. SHED SENSE, ETC. T.

From which I gather that the Junior Editor's pet name for the Senior Editor is "Zoilus." In the same way one may conclude that "T" stands for "Thesaurus"—an ironic appellation applied by the Senior to the Junior Editor.

G. FROM B. C.

P. S. There are people who, by some laborious occultation, can see a wonderful mysticism in such lines as "Tommy, mind your eye"!

XI

The legal gentleman in Provo, Utah (we mistakenly called the town "Probo") has sent us a very graceful little note, and likewise a poem which Miss Carolyn Wells will enjoy when the present number of THE BOOKMAN reaches her in Egypt, where she is now collecting nonsense verses among the hieroglyphs. He says:

Mr. L. Box.

DEAR SIR: I do not wish to start a controversy over the poetry of Carolyn Wells, because criticism of such verse must always reflect the critic's disposition or point of view at the time of writing; but I do want to say that I have taken a great deal of pleasure in her verse in the past, though she does not always maintain her average standard of excellence. The little ballade in your January issue pleased me very much. Permit me, in reply, to submit the enclosed "Appreciation."

Yours truly,
F. A. M.

P. S. Thanks for the mistake of calling this town Probo. It enabled Miss Wells to call me "Proboan"!

And here is the poem which is clever enough to make Miss Wells look to her own laurels with some anxiety.

A BALLADE OF APPRECIATION
BY THE PROBOAN

I have never longed for greatness,
Never sought for empty fame,
I have never wished my name
Sung by ev'ry blond-haired waitress.

I have never bored the famous
With my amateurish praise,
Nor indited to them lays
That might only serve to shame us.

Yet I've often thought my measure
Of contentment would be filled,
If for me some ink were spilled,
To my everlasting pleasure.

Now, behold! my dear desire
Has been fully gratified,
For of me a pen's been plied
With eudemonistic fire.

Once I dared a criticism
Of some stuff that one had writ.
Shades of wrath! I'd had a "fit"!
I had had a "cataclysm"!

I was called (weird thing!) "Proboan"!
Honest words "a heart-felt fleer"!
Pen a trifle bit "austere"!
But, the madding fling, "Proboan"!

Sounds akin to protozoan,
Or a breakfast food just out.
But what's the odds? I'm writ about!
I'm a "Carolyn Wells Proboan"!

XII

The Letter Box is filled to overflowing with gibes, compliments, suggestions for the Inferno, and other things; but we must put them all aside this month in order to acknowledge with great satisfaction the generosity of our readers in sending us a great mass of picture post-cards intended to adorn the Letter Box Picture Gallery. Every one of them contains some cheerful message or merry quip which sounds the personal note in a most agreeable manner. As for the cards themselves they lie in a multi-coloured mass before us, delightful to the eye, and also gratifying, because they show that the Letter Box has friends in all quarters of the earth. The Gentleman from British Columbia has fairly outdone himself in sending us twelve very handsome cards, each of which displays one word, except that the tenth card has five words on it. Arranging the cards in

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proper order, the inscriptions on them read as follows:

A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from (happily a long distance).

G. B. C.

His cards were all posted at Wallace, Idaho, and they depict more mills, trams, concentrators, and mines than we ever saw before in our life. Visitors to our Gallery will think that we are engaged in engineering and have large interests in Western properties. However, we rather like the looks of Wallace, Idaho, and should be glad to bask upon one of its contiguous mountains and write poetry. We give these cards a first place in the second section of our catalogue. It will be remembered that the first section ended with picture number twelve. As we have a certain feeling about the number thirteen, we shall begin the second section with 12*a*, and then go on to fourteen.

THE LETTER-BOX PICTURE GALLERY. (SECOND SECTION OF CATALOGUE.)

12*a*. Standard and Mammoth Mines at Mace, Idaho.

14. Mullen, Idaho, Looking West.

15. Kellogg, Idaho.

16. Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mill. (Note the unconscious poetry.)

17. Wardner, Idaho.

18. Morning Mill (presumably Idaho).

19. Snowstorm Mill (presumably Idaho).

20. Hercules Mill and Tram (presumably Idaho).

21. Mammoth and Standard Concentrators Located at Wallace, Idaho. Daily Capacity 1000 Tons.

22. Burke, Idaho.

23. Bird's eye View of Wallace, Idaho.

[So far, the Gentleman from British Columbia. There follow two cards postmarked San Francisco and one without any postmark. They bring to us New Year greetings.]

24. Dutch Windmill, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

25. Native Sons' Monument, San Francisco.

26. A White Cat Sitting in a Basket, and described on the obverse of the card as "The Cute Kittie."

27. The Column of Phocas in the Roman Forum. (See above.)

28. The Arch of Welcome in Denver, Colorado.

29. Pike's Peak from the Garden of the Gods.

30. Mount of the Holy Cross (somewhere in Colorado).

[The last three additions are sent to us from Denver by some one who signs himself "R. W." and he says that our idiosyncrasies "are enough to alienate any citizen who tries to think clearly and intelligently. But," he adds, "with thousands of others I read your monthly bushel with a sense of weakness and delight."]

31. The Obelisk, Central Park, New York. (From R. L. C.)

32. Entrance to Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass. (From some one who lives in West Cedar Street, Boston.)

33. The Man With the Spade. (Anonymously presented "From a Sometimer," whatever that may be—in Shreveport, Indiana.)

34. Just in from the Field: representing four small "coons" on a white farm-horse. (Also from Shreveport, Indiana.)

35. Salutations from Bluefields, Nicaragua. (Presented by E. M. B., presumably from Bluefields.)

36. The Falls of Minnehaha. (From a lady who says that she made the acquaintance of Minnehaha when she was a very small girl in London, and never expected to see the Falls.)

We must here close the second section of our catalogue, owing to lack of further space this month. We still hold a large number of cards, some of which we do not mention now because the observations written on them require special comment. Meanwhile, we express our sincere gratitude to those who have made this collection entirely unique. We take immense pleasure in inspecting it at all hours of the day.

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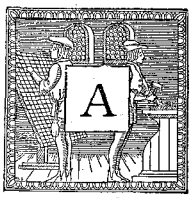
THE STORY OF ART IN AMERICA

By ARTHUR HOEBER

Part II—The Middle Period



RELATIVE of the wife of Benjamin West was Matthew Pratt, who became a member of West's household in London and afterward returned to Philadelphia a successful portrait painter. One of his paintings is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York. It represents the interior of West's studio in London, with the master giving a talk to four students. This artist Pratt is said to have been a remarkable sign painter, and the signs in those days were something more than mere lettering, for they included pictorial representations of one sort or another, and he was reputed to have been the best maker of signs in his day. Another pupil of West was William Dunlap, not much of a painter, but most interesting as the author of *The History of the Arts of Design in America,* from which volume we get pretty much all the information we have of the earlier men. In the rooms of the New York Historical Society there is a canvas by him, remarkably naïve and of no artistic value, but interesting historically, wherein he represents himself showing a picture to his parents. Although Dunlap was identified with the art life in New York and became one of the founders of the National Academy of Design, he was forced to work in other directions to gain a livelihood, even becoming a theatrical manager in his time.

The name of Robert Fulton, of course, immediately suggests the steamboat, but he, too, was a pupil of West in London and entered his studio about 1786. He went afterward to Paris, where he remained seven years, and although he spent the larger part of that time in experimenting with his submarine boats, nevertheless he managed to paint a great panorama, the first seen there, and there still remains the memory of it in the name of the *Passage des Panoramas,* where it was shown. But after all, even though he practised portrait painting for a brief while in Devonshire, when he had gone abroad shortly after his twenty-first year and attracted the attention of the American president of the Royal Academy, it was there that he met the Duke of Bridgewater, and canal navigation gave him more concern than painting. Dunlap, the art historian, says he was guilty of painting poor portraits in Philadelphia, in 1782. He endeavoured to have his countrymen purchase such pictures by Benjamin West as were at the artist's disposal, and he wrote thus to the citizens of Philadelphia:

"I have now the pleasure to offer you a catalogue of the select works of Mr. West, and with it to present you the most extraordinary opportunity that was ever offered to the lovers of science. The catalogue referred to is a list of all Mr. West's productions, portraits excepted. No city ever had such a collection of admired works from the pencil of one man; and that man is your fellow-citizen. The price set on the collection is £15,000 sterling; a sum inconsiderable when compared with the objects in view, and the advantages to be derived from it." Fortunately, the citizens did not see it in the same light as did the great inventor, and the collection was broken up and widely dispersed.

One of the early men among the American painters was Joseph Wright, who was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1756, the son of a woman named Patience Wright, who was a noted wax modeller in her time. She took the boy to London when he was sixteen, and his sister subsequently married the well-known English portrait painter, John Hoppner. Both he and Benjamin West were interested in young Joseph, who in his day painted the portrait of the then Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, but he was rather an idler than otherwise was Joseph, and he spent a good deal of his time loafing about the town. "Joe is idle and spends his money for pleasure," his mother wrote to her mother. Later this same Joe went to Paris, more or less under

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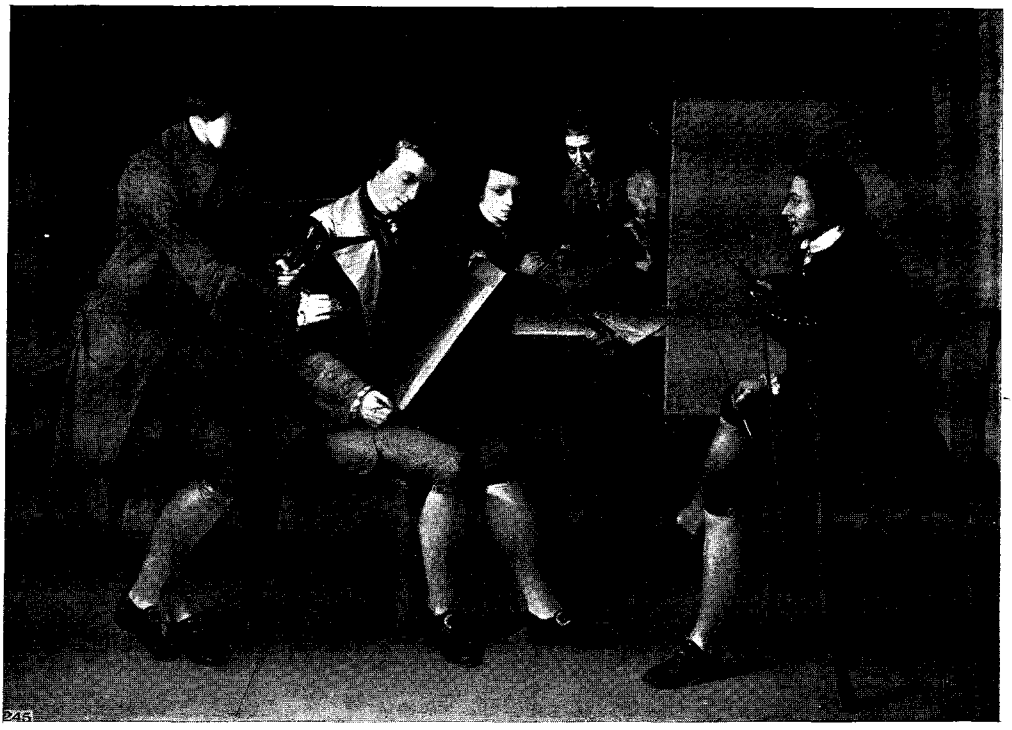

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL. BY MATTHEW PRATT

Metropolitan Museum of Art

the protection of Benjamin Franklin, and starting on a voyage, his ship was wrecked off the coast of Spain, but the young painter managed to escape death and finally arrived in America again, whither he brought letters to the great Washington, and he, too, painted the distinguished first President. He also made a drawing of Washington's profile, which he later etched, and it was said to have been a very good likeness. About this time Congress, sitting in Princeton, commissioned Wright to take a mould of Washington's face to be sent to some foreign sculptor for a bust or statue.

The General, as I have said, seems to have been the most complacent of sitters, and the fact that he was obliged to stretch himself flat on his back and have his face covered for some considerable time with wet plaster did not appear to bother him overmuch—for once at least. But it certainly rattled Wright, for in taking the plaster off, he was so agitated that he dropped the thing and it smashed into many fragments. Long-suffering as Washington was, he balked at a second trial, though it is even difficult to imagine so dignified a man as the stately first American gentleman at full length on his back, his face completely covered with a mass of white plaster, which when it comes off pulls some of the hair with it. Wright, however, painted Presidents Madison and Jay. Finally he became die-sinker to the United States Mint, coming from New York to Philadelphia when Congress moved there. He died at the age of thirty-seven. His portrait of Washington was painted for the Count de Solms. When the English painter, Robert Edge Pine, came over to this country, in 1783, with the avowed intention to paint the heroes and patriots of the American Revolution and combine them in historical pictures—Oh, how familiar that sounds!—the Hon. Francis Hopkinson wrote the President requesting him to sit to Pine, and to this Washing-

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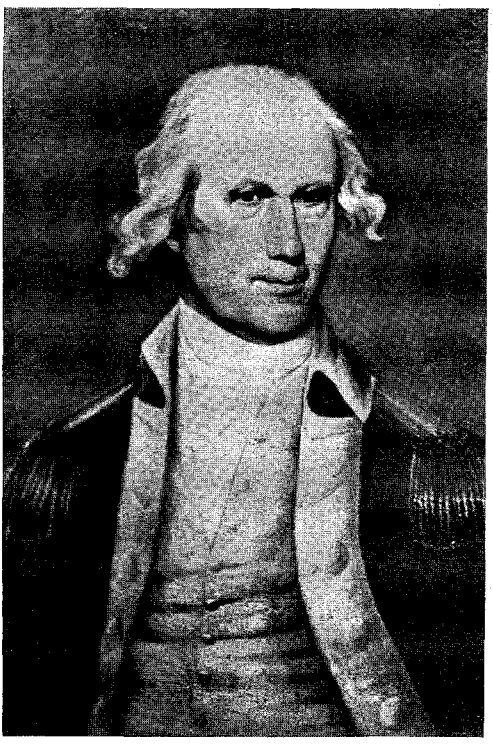

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON. BY JOSEPH WRIGHT

Owned by Gordon L. Ford

ton made the following reply, which discloses his attitude:

MOUNT VERNON, May 16, 1785.

Dear Sir: In for a penny, in for a pound is the old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument, whilst they delineate the features of my face. It is a proof, among others, of what habit and custom may affect. At first I was impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with fewer flounces; now, no dray horse moves more readily to the drill than I to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready acquiescence to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient and affectionate humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Robert Morris, by the way, built Pine a house in Philadelphia, and the painter had a good many commissions, among his patrons being the Carroll family of Annapolis, the Pattersons, and others. Pine was exceedingly small of stature, as were his wife and children, and of a most irritable nature, and he had brought over with him from England a plaster copy of the Venus de Medici, which he had to keep shut up in a glass case, as it was considered a trifle too *risqué* for the morals of those days, the public refusing to tolerate it. Most of his pictures were lost in the fire of Bowen's Museum, in Boston, Mr. Bowen having bought much from him.

Edward G. Malbone comes in for our consideration about here, for he was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1777 and died at the early age of thirty. He and Washington Allston were warm friends and companions, and he was famed for his miniatures. His most famous work is called "Hours," and shows three young women, figures representing Past, Present and Future, which is now at the Providence Athenæum. It has been said of him that "no woman ever lost any beauty from his hand." Many of the artists of this time turned their attention to miniature painting, Copley himself doing many. Malbone, however, seems to have been a most delightful character, for no one writes of him without deep affection, and curiously enough, though he was destined to leave a serious imprint on the history of miniature painting in his own country, it was as a scene painter that he made his *début*. As a very young lad he painted a landscape for the theatre in Newport, his remuneration therefor being a pass to the play house. Meanwhile Malbone was working away alone, perfecting himself in drawing until at seventeen he threw himself on his own resources and regularly began to make his own living, going to Providence and then to Boston, where he met Washington Allston, who was his junior by a few years and who spoke of him as a man amiable, generous, and free from any taint of professional jealousy. He worked in miniature entirely, began to be known and was widely sought after, visiting various Northern cities, in the winter of 1800 going to Charleston, where he was enthusiastically received.

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The next year, in company with Allston, he sailed for Europe and lived in London for several months. It was there he painted his famous "Hours." Part of this year he drew at the School of the Royal Academy, and he made great progress in his art. The man, however, was not physically strong, and he took a heavy cold in 1807, which resulted in his death at the early age of thirty, in Savannah, whither he had gone in search of health. A biographer said of him in a magazine of the day: "All his habits of life were decorous and gentlemanly, and his morals without reproach. His temper was naturally equable and gentle; his affections were warm and generous. His pre-eminent excellence was in colouring. His miniatures have most of the beauties of a fine portrait, without losing any of their own peculiar character. In short, the biography of Malbone appears like a studied panegyric.

Washington Allston was born in 1779, in the State of South Carolina, but at a very early age was brought to Newport, Rhode Island, went to school there and subsequently entered Harvard College. In his school days at Newport he took some lessons in painting from a Mr. King, who made quadrants and compasses, but occasionally painted portraits. Shortly after his graduation from Harvard he went to London and entered as a student at the Royal Academy schools. After a residence of three years in the British capitol Allston went to the Continent, and in Italy he became impressed with the work of the historical painters. There he was highly thought of by his fellow-artists, who immediately called him "the American Titian," and he remained in Rome nearly four years, where he was an intimate of John Vanderlyn, the American, and the Danish sculptor Thorwalsden. In 1809 Allston returned to America, married a wife, Miss Channing, to whom he had been engaged since he had been an undergraduate at Harvard, and subsequently returned to Europe in company with S. F. B. Morse, the artist, better known, however, as the inventor of the telegraphic system. Finally Allston came back to Boston and, as Mr. Isham says in his *History of American*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NICHOLAS FISH. MINIATURE BY EDWARD G. MALBONE

Owned by Mrs. Daniel Le Roy

MARTHA WASHINGTON GREENE. BY EDWARD MALBONE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Painting, was welcomed with enthusiasm, holding for twenty-eight years a supremacy unchallenged as the head of American art, almost the head of all art.

The personal charm of his youth remained undiminished in age and attracted to him the choicest spirits, the brightest talents, the purest enthusiasts, who worshipped at his shrine with a faith that knew no doubts; while for the great mass of the people he was a mighty unknown, who served to justify the claims that America was supreme in painting as in territory, liberty and intelligence. And this reputation was maintained in spite of the fact (or perhaps on account of it) that there were hardly any works produced to justify it. He brought back from London the unfinished canvas of "Belshazzar's Feast," and its shadow hung over his whole life, taken up, put aside, recommenced, altered, arousing the highest hopes in the friends and the wildest praise from the ignorant. It hangs to-day, a battered wreck, in the Boston Museum of Arts, unfinished, dingy, antiquated, showing to the casual spectator no particle of skill or of true feeling. He might have applied himself, perhaps, to the production of other work if his *magnum opus* were not always there as an obstacle and an excuse. His second wife was a daughter of Chief Justice Dana, whose means removed all danger of poverty from his later years. He erred, as did West, in trying to put into a picture emotions that were not pictorial. His contemporaries had the same emotions and understood. We do not, and it is as unlikely in his case as in

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

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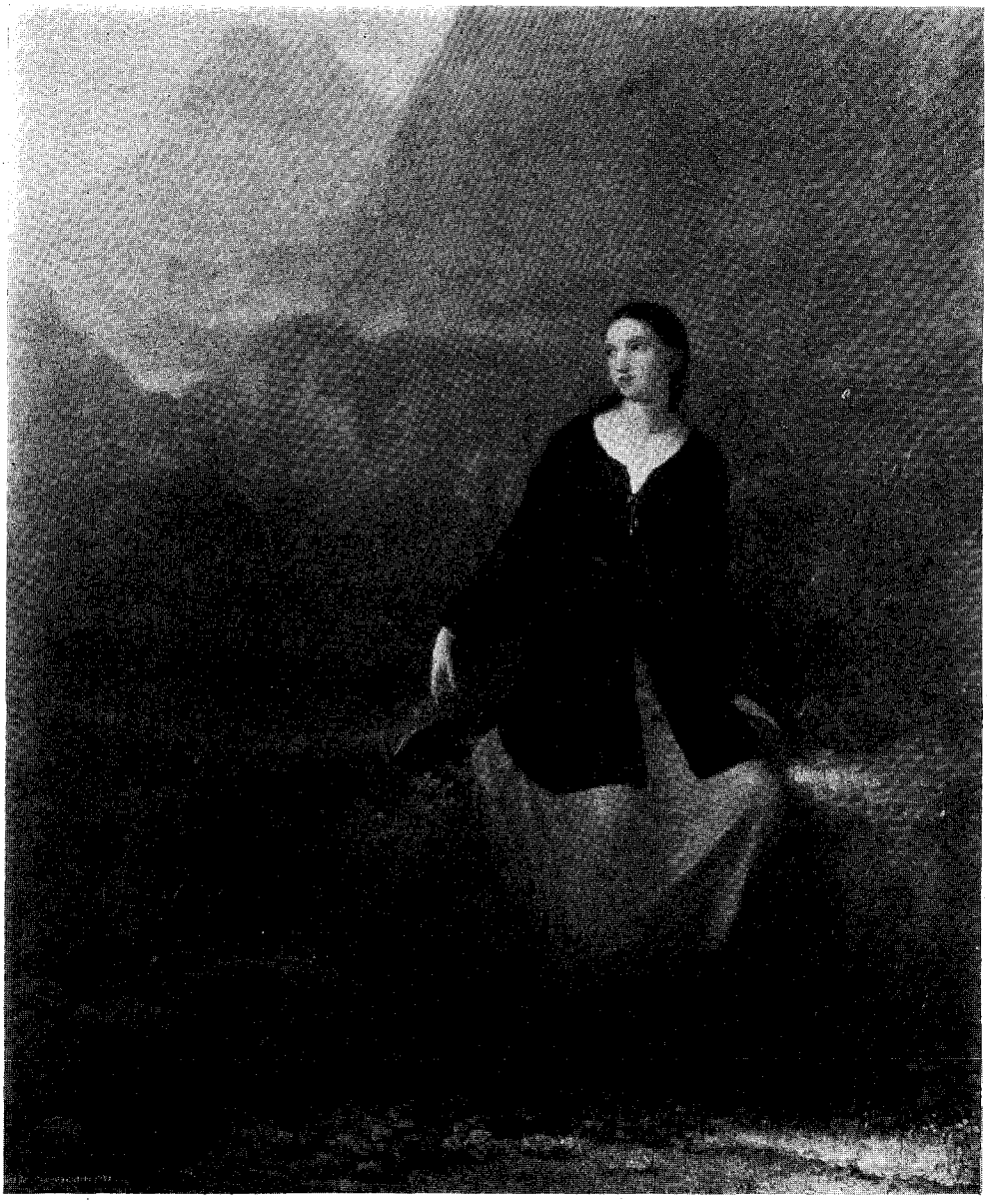
that of West, that posterity will ever renew its interest in his works. To judge his pictures fairly we must remember how barren American art had been up to that time of anything approaching them in grace or refinement. Their sweetness was not insipid, their drawing was delicate and their colour refined. While they were not strong, independent masterpieces, there was in them the breath of a finer, more delicate inspiration than had appeared before in Ameri-



SPANISH GIRL. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON
Metropolitan Museum of Art

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can art, or than was to appear in a generation.

A young boy, set to copy some of Stuart's portraits, including one of Aaron Burr, so interested that statesman that he took him under his protection. The lad was John Vanderlyn, who was born in the year of the American Independence, at Kingston-on-the-Hudson, New York. At sixteen he entered the employ of Thomas Barton, an Englishman who was the chief importer of engravings in New York. Burr encouraged his taste for painting, sending him to Philadelphia to study under Stuart, after which he commissioned him to paint his daughter Theodosia, and subsequently sent him to Europe for a five years' stay in Paris. Vanderlyn returned in 1801 and painted his patron and the daughter once more. He was also one of the early painters to put Niagara Falls on canvas. In 1803 he was back in Europe again, travelling extensively, finally settling in Rome. In 1808 Vanderlyn took a picture to Paris, "Marius Amid the Ruins of Carthage," where it received a gold medal designed expressly by the Emperor himself, who admired the work extravagantly. The artist remained seven years in Paris, where he painted his "Ariadne," now at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. In Paris, Vanderlyn was able to repay some of Burr's kindness when the latter, ruined in fortune and honour, fled there and the young artist aided him substantially during the first years of his disgrace. Vanderlyn painted many portraits of distinguished Frenchmen, among them the great painter, David.

Vanderlyn came back to New York in 1815, and ill feeling rose at once between him and Jonathan Trumbull, the artist, probably because of the award of commissions the latter received for the decoration of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, though there were many little petty acts of mutual dislike. Trumbull had the influence, though Vanderlyn was the better painter, and became embittered. Finally, Vanderlyn made a panorama of views of various foreign places, and for it he erected a building in City Hall Park, but he was not successful and the place was shortly seized for debt. He retired to the country and effaced himself for a while, but finally, in 1842, his friends secured for him from Congress a commission for one of the panels in the Capitol, "The Landing of Columbus," to execute which he went to Paris, where it was claimed he did little of the actual work, employing some of the younger Frenchmen to paint for him. Yet he was the first of our artists to study in France instead of England, the pioneer in that long line of students who have made the French capitol their objective point. There he acquired accurate draughtsmanship and solid modelling, but his life was most unhappy; he suffered always from great poverty, dying in 1843 in absolute want.

A son of English actors and born in England, Thomas Sully came to America when a child. At twelve he was placed in an insurance broker's office, where it was so evident that he wanted to draw instead of looking after the books, that on the advice of his employer he was sent to the studio of a French miniaturist named Balzons, a person of somewhat violent temper, with whom the lad shortly had a serious fistic encounter, which obliged him to leave forthwith, and he managed to get to his brother Lawrence, himself a painter, but inferior to Thomas. Thither Thomas went, and soon his skill made him the main support of the brother's family. His work at this time was in miniature, oils being practically out of their prowess, but soon came the desire to paint in this medium which was so unknown to him, that he used olive oil with which to mix his pigments, the result being they did not dry, and it was only when a sign painter came to his rescue that matters improved in a technical way. Finally his brother died and later Thomas married his widow. His first success came from a portrait he did of an actor, Thomas A. Cooper, the lessee and manager of a theatre in New York, whither he invited Sully to come, furnished him not only with a handsome workroom, but advanced him a substantial sum of money and secured him sitters. But Sully was still far from comfortable. There was a large and increasing family, both his brother's and his own, and some friends raising a sum

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of money, he was enabled to take his whole tribe to London, where, as usual, West came to the rescue, was most kind to him and assisted him in many ways. Indeed, as I have said, West was the fairy godfather for most of the young American painters who stepped their feet on British soil. Returning to Philadelphia after nine months abroad, Sully had for some time a fair success in portraiture, and in 1837 he made another trip abroad, when, for the St. George's Society, he painted a portrait of the young Queen Victoria. He took his daughter with him, who wore the royal clothes and regalia jewels, which, by the way, weighed some forty pounds, and her Majesty was all charm to both father and daughter. This episode, of course, was the event of Sully's life and one of which he never tired of talking, giving the most interesting details of the simplicity and kindness of the youthful queen. He lived as late as 1872, and he was one of our good painters, not perhaps up to the standards of Stuart, but still a man of skill, and, as has been pointed out, one standing much in the same relation to Stuart as Lawrence stood to Reynolds, and his portrait of the queen was a serious achievement, for he had a difficult proposition in the shape of a small, dumpy woman, with retreating chin and protruding eyes, whom he had to invest with grace and majesty. She had little beauty save that of youth, but he made a mighty interesting official portrait of the lady.

Serious social changes were now beginning to take place in America, and the rise of a native school was begun, of which perhaps the first of the painters was Chester Harding, who was born in Conway, Massachusetts, in 1792, a remarkable personality, who, at sixteen, was some six feet three in his stockings. He was noted as an axeman, tried soldiering and various other pursuits, such as chairmaking, peddling and keeping an inn. He was imprisoned for debt, turned up at Pittsburg, where he worked as a house painter, and finally, meeting with a travelling portrait painter, was filled with a desire to follow that profession. He had married very early, and after the episode of meeting with the itinerant artist, he got a board, used his sign painter's pigments and began a portrait of his spouse. He made something that looked like her and he became frantic with delight. From that moment the signs were neglected, and after a little more practice he boldly announced himself as a portrait painter, went to Paris, Kentucky, and undertook commissions at $25 a head, where it is said he did over a hundred. With the funds thus obtained he went to Philadelphia,

MRS. JOSHUA QUINCY. BY CHESTER HARDING

Owned by Henry P. Quincy

where he entered the classes of the Academy School for a couple of months. Then he became a wanderer again, taking his family with him to various cities where he could obtain commissions. And he prospered, returning to his home and paying off all his debts.

They tell a story of his aged grandfather taking him aside and saying: "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. It is little better than swindling for you to charge $40 to make those effigies of people.

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You ought to be ashamed of it. Give it up, settle down on a farm and be a respectable man." From which it will be seen that art in the upper part of this State was not then taken with great seriousness. His wanderings finally brought him to Boston, where he achieved enormous popularity and had more work than he could do, for while Stuart was frequently idle, Harding was overwhelmed with orders. Thus it was that he was enabled to put aside enough to take him to England, whither he went in the autumn of 1823, not as a student, but as

PORTRAIT OF MRS. KATHERINE MATTHEWS. BY THOMAS SULLY
Metropolitan Museum of Art

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a full-fledged maker of portraits, and there his success continued in a surprising manner. In point of fact, the man had a most delightful personality, for though he had had no educational advantages in his youth, and remained to the end of his days ignorant of many simple things, there was that undefined attractiveness, innate and subtle, that gave him great popularity. He painted royal dukes with as little unconcern as he gave to village folk at home. Indeed, he visited their stately homes with no uneasiness whatsoever, his simplicity appealing strongly to his hosts. It was largely due to the fact that, though he was welcome in this charmed circle in England, his wife was not to be recognised, that he finally left Great Britain and returned to America. Home again, he painted most of the political leaders of his own land—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Marshall and many more—and to show the small span of time that separates us from the early history of American art, it may be mentioned that the late General Sherman sat to him, and Sherman has been dead but a few years. Harding died in 1866.

CHESTER HARDING

(*To be continued*)

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CARCASSONNE

I'm growing old, I've sixty years,
I've laboured all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know;
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store,—
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

The curé's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me, I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend,
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But, Heaven forgive him, half way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne;
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

Gustave Nadaud.

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AT CARCASSONNE: AN ANSWER

My hair is grey with sixty years
And vestiges of travail dire;
The futile cares, the wasted tears,
And oh, the unappeased desire!
Vain longing for a far-off thing;
The course of life is nearly run,
And there's a place where robins sing—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne!

There is a place where robins sing,
Far off amid the hills of blue;
Where sheep-bells answering sheep-bells ring
And woodlands echo the cuckoo.
See, from the City gate the way
Winds upward whitening in the sun;
My heart has gone there many a day—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne.

And there's a cot with roof of thatch
And walls as white as matin snow;
Unlocked the door and free the latch
To let whoe'er will come and go.
Red roses at the window-sills
And climbing grapes in clusters dun—
Far off, far off amid the hills—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne.

Ah, here the wheel of commerce flies,
The freighted barge, the wagon bent,
The bags and bales of merchandise,
The cavilling for a tarnished cent;
The boulevards, the granite streets,
The lights in tawdry tangles spun,
And Life a masque of poor deceits—
I know too much of Carcassonne,
I know too much of Carcassonne.

Thus mused at Carcassonne one day—
A bishop (or a general);
The morrow found him on the way
That leads to where the robins call,
And in the heart of mountains blue,
There came a hoary-headed one
Who said in tears, "My life I rue,
Ah, had I lived in Carcassonne,
Ah, had I lived in Carcassonne!"

William F. McCormack.

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INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

III—The Newspaper Novel

LTHOUGH almost all of the more recent stories and novels, dealing in some direct way with newspaper life, have been written by men who have worked in newspaper offices at one time or another, it is a peculiar fact that many of these pieces of fiction have failed to reveal the journalistic sphere in its true light. There seems to be something elusive about the ins and outs of newspaperdom that prevents even the initiate from putting them down accurately in black and white when he sets himself to the task of attempting to paint a journalistic picture. By this I mean a journalistic picture that shall withstand the searching eye of his fellow-men, readers who, like himself, have either been workers in newspaper offices or have spent their lives in the sphere of journalism and the channels connected with it.

Why is it, I hear you ask, that a former newspaper man cannot write a good and true piece of newspaper fiction? A man who has followed the mast frequently produces a novel that breathes of the sea with a salty realism. A man who has practised law frequently produces a novel that lacks little in local legal colour. A student of business life, an explorer, a hunter—they, too, frequently have been able to do the same. Then why not the journalist as well? The answer is probably not so difficult to determine as might seem. In the first place, a newspaper man overestimates the amount of glamour connected with his work and the value of that work consequently as an exceptional basis for fiction. For some reason or other, outsiders are interested very little in the bare mechanism of the newspapers. And, as a consequence (that is, in view of their disinterestedness), a narrative of the intricacies of press workings proves to be tedious reading for them. The newspaper novelist is inclined to overdo the technical side of his story at the expense of directness of plot. Pick up a newspaper novel and you will find that not infrequently the action at its vital point has been halted in order that technical description may be lugged in.

A newspaper man who writes a novel is often like a reporter who has become so tired "covering" an involved news story that, when the time comes for him to prepare his copy, he hurries over certain details that, while not utterly essential, would be of much interest to his readers. The newspaper novelist, satiated with the atmosphere of the city room, in a like way often slides over some of the little things that would help his narrative vastly. In those few cases where attention has been paid to details, the resultant story has proved to be convincing, at least—a hundred times more convincing than the other stories in which details were treated negligently.

As women—the fiction type of women particularly—hardly can be said to flock into newspaper offices, the novelist very often gets himself into a fearful tangle when he tries to unite an on-the-scene love interest with his newspaper novel machinery. The woman literally is dragged into such narratives and her presence rarely succeeds, in fact, possibly cannot succeed, in convincing the reader that it is natural and conjoint with the evolution of the story in question. If there is a "love interest" in newspaper work, you may rest assured that it does not often penetrate into the actual confines of the hurly-burly, clicking, busy offices. And when the attempt is made to create drawing-room situations in "city rooms," your initiated reader is going to throw down the book with an undignified, yet all-from-the-heart "Oh, rot!"

Every once in a while a writer who knows his newspaper field turns out a short story that hits the bull's-eye sharply, and he usually succeeds best when he draws his central newspaper character in big, broad, harsh lines and when he makes the basic mechanism of the newspaper of secondary importance. If he makes it serve merely as a canvas or background, all the better. Where the writer relies entirely on the machinery, he very frequently gets himself

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hopelessly entangled in his plot and incongruities by the dozen creep into his text. Only a few months ago I read a so-termed newspaper story in one of the leading magazines that was the work of a man fairly familiar with the intimate side of journalism and that, because of the tangling of plot and what I have referred to as machinery—that is, newspaper office technicalities—collapsed utterly when it invited serious consideration from those "on the inside."

The author of the story in question had a good plot idea, but he tripped up on the machinery side of his story, the very side he undoubtedly knew best. In the story, which is laid in the office of an evening newspaper, the staff is suddenly thrown into an excited state by the news that a huge excursion steamer is afire and sinking off New York. It develops soon afterward that the city editor's wife and child are aboard the vessel and, as the growing list of the dead is flashed in to the office, the names of these two are found to be among those who have met their fate. Of course, the news story is so important that the entire office centres its attention on it, the city editor acting as the holder of the various "strings." Now, despite the fact that his wife and child are supposed to have been killed, and although the story is well in hand, the city editor, in tears, refuses to leave his post because he thinks he must edit the "copy." As a matter of fact, this work could have been done so easily by some one else that there was no reason in the world for the city editor remaining in the office instead of rushing to the scene of death. "Loyalty to duty," in this case, was so greatly overdone and toned-up that, to the insider, it was almost funny. The writer knew better, but evidently allowed himself to become entangled in the machinery, as I have suggested.

I recall a well-written "newspaper novel" that had a wide sale several years ago, in which strangers entered and left the "city room" time and again just as if it were a public place. The action of part of the story transpired in the room under discussion and the author projected his characters into the scene of action with most unsatisfactory explanations as to the verisimilar justice of their presence. A moment or so ago I mentioned the fact that where a writer developed his newspaper story from a single dominant character rather than from the intricacies of newspaper work proper, the result was much more often substantially satisfactory. I have in mind a story called "The Wolf of the City," that appeared in the prints two years ago. Here was a newspaper story built around the bull-dog type of reporter that was a commendable piece of work. Such a story is a newspaper character story. As an illustration of a machinery story, I might cite Mr. Williams's "The Stolen Story," really an interesting tale of its kind.

Newspaper fiction, comparatively speaking, seems to be on the wave of popularity again—both on the bookshelf and on the dramatic stage. This seems to be true both of England and America. Across the sea, several newspaper novels have attracted considerable favour recently, while, in a dramatic way, we have heard of the interest manifested in such journalistic plays as *The Earth, What the People Want,* etc.

Many a newspaper story and novel has failed to gain forceful favour because of its general wishy-washy character. An "inside" view of such works speedily shows up the flaws that the "outside" reader subconsciously recognises, even though he may not be entirely positive that the flaws are technical flaws. I believe, however, that, in spite of all I have said here, realism is coming into its own gradually yet certainly in newspaper fiction. It was not so many years ago that a writer would trust entirely to the alleged glamour of the profession to curry favour for his novel that dealt with the mysterious newspaper circle. To-day he is coming to realise the error of this, and what possible intrinsic glamour he seeks to suggest, he does through the medium of realism, hot-breathed, pulsing realism. The writer of a newspaper novel, if he sticks to things that he *knows* happen in the newspaper world, will have nothing to fear from the man whose more or less trained eye allows him to peep back of the scenes.

H. H. McClure.

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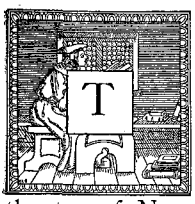
BIG SITUATIONS IN THE DRAMA



THREE or four times during the last two months a surprising scene has been enacted by the audience at the opening performance of a play in a first-class theatre of New York. Throughout the climax of the action, the spectators have sat uneasy on the edges of their seats, clenching their hands unconsciously or clutching at the arms of their chairs. A nervous tensity of silence has been interrupted by involuntary gasps and murmurs. Two or three women, trailing cloaks and furs behind them, have made a headlong exit up the aisles, followed by embarrassed, stumbling escorts. From the galleries has come a sibilant insistent call for quiet. At last the curtain has fallen; a breathless moment has ensued; and then the auditors have vented their pent-up feelings in a sudden clamor of cries and cheers. Women have given way to hysterical ejaculations; men have risen to their feet, shouting; and the actors have been recalled again and yet again. The newspapers, the next morning, have printed hyperbolic notices of the occasion; afterward, the advertisements of the managers have bristled with exclamation points to stab the transitory eye; and money has poured into the box-office at the rate of twelve thousand dollars a week. Such a scene is certainly unusual in a Broadway theatre; it is surely a triumph for a playwright to produce such an effect upon a sophisticated and theatre-weary houseful of first-nighters; and, in the face of such success, it may seem carping in the critic to interpose that disconcerting question of Mr. Kipling's—"It's striking; but is it Art?"

Hysterics and the Highest Art

Yet this is precisely the question that must be asked if we are to keep clear the aims and the fulfilments of the highest art. It is undeniably the aim of a serious drama to produce upon the spectators an emotional effect as profound as may be possible within the limits of its theme. But this admission involves two further questions: first, as to the nature of profound emotional effect, and second, as to whether a single situation so striking as to jut out and hit the audience between the eyes may be developed without detriment to the fabric of the drama as a whole. The second question is technical, and applies merely to the structure of the drama; but the first question applies to art in general, and in consequence, of course, to life itself.

I think that everybody will agree that hysterics are not an evidence of very deep emotion. All human emotions have two phases—a lower and a higher—the first of which is experienced with nervous agitation, the second only in a mood of lofty calm. Joy is hectic, but happiness serene. Horror is hysterical, but terror is appallingly quiescent. The profoundest feelings lie—as Wordsworth said—too deep for tears. In proportion as emotion deepens, it transcends the titillation of the nerves. Serenity—the highest mood of which the mind is capable—is the only mood in which it may experience the loftiest emotions. This psychologic fact is unfalteringly recognised by the masters of the highest art. The greatest art is never nervous; it is always immitigably calm. Nobody ever grew agitated over the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* or shed tears over *Lycidas;* nobody ever fainted at the sight of the Venus of Melos or the Frari Madonna of Bellini. And though the drama represents contention rather than repose, and would seem to subsist mainly through excitement, it will be found ever, in its deepest manifestations, to rise into serenity. The *Elektra* of Hugo von Hofmannsthal is horrible and thrilling; but the *Elektra* of Sophocles is terrible and serene: and by that token the ancient drama is the greater play. Shakespeare, who, in his less important dramas, often drenched the stage with blood, chose in *Macbeth* to withhold the butchery of Duncan from the scene, and to reveal rather the effect of the murder upon Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in a dialogue so awfully calm and quiet that we may hear the cricket cry. In the same play, could

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we imagine the audience sobbing and shouting as Lady Macbeth, walking and talking in her sleep, carries her candle off the stage? There is something in Hamlet's final line—"The rest is silence"—that forbids applause. These moments of appalled serenity—these touchstones, as Matthew Arnold would have said, of supreme dramatic power—we should clearly bear in mind when we appraise the achievement of a playwright who has flung his audience into a tumult of hysterical applause. Thus we may more sanely judge whether *The City* and *The Lily* and *Madame X* are finally comparable, as artistic accomplishments, to the more serene successes of other seasons, such as *The Witching Hour, The Servant in the House,* and *What Every Woman Knows.*

It remains for us to consider the second of our questions—whether a single big situation in a play is not likely to disrupt the symmetry of the general design. In any drama which is really great, the author starts out with some central theme, or principle—some basic truth of human life—and proceeds to illustrate this principle by representing the interrelations of a group of characters, each of whom is created to incorporate some aspect of the theme. From the nature of the characters, the action is deduced. But the defect of the sort of situation that lifts the auditors from their seats is that it must necessarily shift the emphasis from the element of character to the element of action, and thereby lower the appeal from the plane of imagination to the plane of mere invention. In the light of this purely technical consideration, an hysterical response from the audience may be taken as an evidence that the playwright has descended from the highest level of dramatic art. Furthermore, in staking his all upon a single scene which jumps out of the frame of his picture, he incurs the very practical difficulty of discounting the effect of his succeeding scenes. Thus Clyde Fitch, in *The City*—as we shall see—spoiled his third act by permitting the tumultuous appeal of the scenes that closed the second. The danger of the modern form of drama, with the climax at the close of the penultimate act, is that the dramatist, by strengthening his climax, may make any adequate final act a task beyond achievement.

On both grounds, therefore—the technical and the philosophical—a situation at the climax of a serious play, so exciting in itself as to rouse the audience to a noisy nervous outbreak, must be considered as a menace to the highest standards of dramatic art; and we must bear this principle in mind when we consider certain recent plays which have been received with clamours of approval.

"The City"

The late Clyde Fitch, who was a very sane judge of the comparative merits of his own productions, told his friends last spring that *The City* was the best of all his plays. That judgment, since his death, has been ratified by the public in a huge, tumultuous roar of acclamation. In the main, we may accept the verdict of the author and the audience. Assuredly *The City* is the strongest and most striking of Mr. Fitch's plays; it represents the author's most earnest effort to achieve a masterpiece; and it can, therefore, be criticised by no lower standard than that of the highest art. But when *The City* is measured by this lofty standard it fails in many vital respects to fulfil the test of greatness.

The theme of *The City* is a contrast between the conditions of life in a quiet provincial town and in a turbulent metropolis; and the author's thesis is that, whereas in a small town a man may drift through life without ever being put to a test which will reveal to himself and to the world at large the full extent of his inherent strength and weakness, the influence of a great city will accentuate both his virtues and his vices, making him weaker if he be weak or stronger if he be strong, so that he must accept absolutely, in his own judgment of himself and in the judgment of the world about him, the full penalty or the full reward of what he basically is. This is a big theme; and by the manner in which he laid out the main lines of his structure, Mr. Fitch has indicated that he intended to give his thesis a really big development.

The first act is set in Middleburg, New York, and discloses the dissatisfaction of

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the leading family in the town with the dulness of the life around them. George Rand, Jr., is overweeningly ambitious and longs for the larger opportunities of advancement in New York. His sisters and his mother are eager to break into metropolitan society. They are opposed by the head of the family—the elder George Rand—who insists that it is better to remain somebody in Middleburg than to become nobody in New York. His real reason he discloses only in an intimate confession to his son—namely, that neither his personal nor his business life has been entirely above reproach, and though he feels firmly founded as a pillar of Middleburg society, he fears the possibilities of exposure that might result from a move to the less conservative metropolis. After this confession the father dies suddenly of heart-failure; and the rest of the family are set free to follow their desires. Six years later, in New York, they reveal the influence which the city has exerted over them. The sisters, who inherently were vulgar, have descended to a lower level of ethics and of taste. On the other hand, George Rand, Jr., has apparently climbed to a far higher station than he had held in Middleburg. He has made a large fortune by the questionable methods of modern metropolitan finance; and his personal advancement has been so marked that he is about to be nominated for the governorship of the State—as the champion of pure politics—by the predominating party. All this time he has carefully hidden the family skeleton and has even deceived himself into thinking that he has in all things remained pure and above reproach. Suddenly the family skeleton emerges from its closet; the self-deceiver is unmasked; he is made to see that he has been both cowardly and dishonest; and in this crisis of self-realisation, he confesses his weakness to the world, withdraws from his political career, and makes restitution of the money that he has dishonestly acquired. Under the influence of this revolution in his character, the other members of his family rise to meet their moral obligations; and, in the end, the city has made them all truer and better people than they ever could have been if they had remained in the small town, respected always but never probed and tested.

The foregoing summary, which follows—I think faithfully—the main logical lines of the development of Mr. Fitch's theme, makes no reference whatsoever to that secondary plot to which *The City* owes its extraordinary popular success. Structurally, it was necessary for the author to invent some sudden shock at the climax sufficiently powerful to motivate the revolution in the character of George Rand, Jr. To accomplish this purpose he developed a minor plot, which runs as follows: The elder Rand has an illegitimate son, named George Hannock, who is a degenerate and a drug-fiend. Hannock knows only that the elder Rand betrayed his mother; but he uses this knowledge for the purpose of blackmail. George Rand, Jr., after his father's death, is the only person who knows the full incriminating truth. To keep Hannock quiet, he retains him as his secretary. Rand's younger sister, Cicely, falls in love with Hannock. When Rand discovers this, his emphatic opposition is met by Cicely's defiant statement that she has married Hannock an hour before. To render impossible the consummation of this marriage, Rand is obliged to reveal to Hannock the full and tragic truth. Hannock, in hysterics, disbelieves him. Rand subsequently calls his sister, and is about to tell her how matters stand, when Hannock suddenly shoots her dead upon the stage. Hannock then turns the pistol against himself, but Rand wrests it from him. Hannock makes a horrified hysterical appeal to be allowed to kill himself, and assails Rand with a revelation of the latter's dishonesty and self-deception. Rand, overwhelmed by this violent unmasking and by the threat of exposure incident to a trial of Hannock for murder, weakens and lays the pistol on the table; but before the gibbering drug-fiend can reach it, Rand strengthens his almost shattered will and hurls it crashing through the window. This secondary plot, which requires for its development nearly all of the lengthy second act, so swiftly heaps horrors upon horror's head and so tremendously piles climax upon climax that it lifts the auditors from their seats in a nervous tumult of ejaculations.

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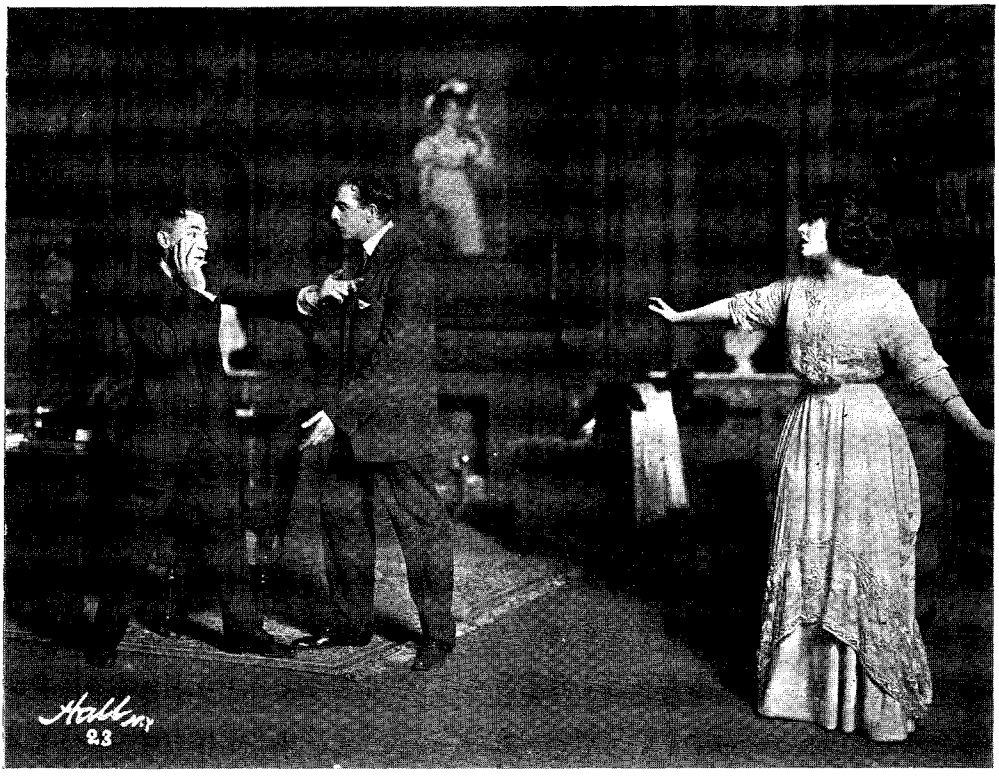
But, logically—as must be evident from the double summary which has been offered—it has nothing whatsoever to do with the thesis of the play.

Structurally, therefore, *The City* presents the pattern of a serious drama of deep dignity disrupted in mid-career by the interpolation of a one-act melodrama so skilful and so powerful as to overwhelm the audience and to run away with the play. In his third and last act, Mr. Fitch has made a manly attempt to get back to his theme and to lift his drama to that mood of serenity which, as we have agreed, is the region of the highest art; but this desired effect has been discounted in advance by the hysterical tumult of the preceding act, and the author's last and loftiest words, therefore, strike the audience as dull. Since *The City* is two plays rather than one, and since the lower type of play overwhelms the higher, it cannot as a whole be appraised finally as a great drama.

It has been said that in *The City*, Mr. Fitch, who had always shown his art to best advantage in the drawing of feminine types, has succeeded ultimately in writing a man's play. But this assertion will not bear the test of careful scrutiny. George Rand, Jr., who bears the brunt of the action, is the one character in the piece who is the least clearly and the least firmly drawn. In sketching out this part, which should have been the most important in the play, the hand of the dramatist often wavered. The character is unsure and indistinct; and a nearly impossible task of composition is thereby imposed upon the actor. But, on the other hand, the minor parts in the play are drawn with Mr. Fitch's finest art of



"THE CITY." ACT II.

"Rand calls his sister, and is about to tell her how matters stand." A moment later, "Hannock suddenly shoots her dead upon the stage."

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accurate observation and minute delineation. As usual, his women are most surely seen; but the striking part of Hannock—an essentially unmanly man—is handled with supreme effectiveness.

Twice at least, in the present play, Mr. Fitch has left behind him evidences of his mastery of the delicate art of stage-direction. In the first act, immediately after the sudden death of the elder Rand, the stage is left empty for several minutes, while the narrative is carried on with entire clearness by voices off-stage and sudden glimpses of people passing hurriedly through a hall behind half-opened doors. The second and third acts are set in the same room; but in the last act, it is necessary that the audience should not be distracted by the sight of the shattered window through which Rand has hurled the pistol only a few moments before. For this reason Mr. Fitch, in the third act, has turned the room about so as to require the audience to observe it from a different point of view which obliterates the window.

Considered as a whole, *The City* exhibits more emphatically than heretofore both the merits and the defects which have long been recognised as characteristic of Mr. Fitch's art. The very triumph of the minor intermediary act displays more emphatically than ever before his apparently unavoidable inability to stick to his theme. The uncertainty of the leading character reveals once more his familiar inadequacy in the drawing of important men. But the other characters demonstrate anew the fineness and the finish with which he could draw people who were small in nature and who bore a relation only incidental to his structure. For the last time he has displayed his dexterity in dialogue and his mastery of the mechanism of the stage. *The City* is not a great drama; but it is a thoroughly skilful and a very thrilling play. Although it discloses clearly all of Mr. Fitch's defects as an artist, it also shows him emphatically at his best. It is the highest work of which he was capable at the early age of forty-four, at which he died; and, both on the positive and on the negative side, it may justly be considered as his monument.

"The Lily"

The theme of *The Lily*, which was adopted from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux by Mr. David Belasco, is the fallacy of the sheltered-life system of bringing up young girls that is practised pretty generally in French society. The Comte de Maigny is an elderly aristocrat who has led the life of a libertine and wrecked his family fortune by self-indulgence. He has prevented the marriage of his elder daughter, Odette, to a worthy man whom she loves, because she is an excellent housekeeper and he is too selfish to sacrifice his personal comfort for the sake of his daughter's happiness. Odette, deprived and frustrate, withdraws into the dull and drab existence of a premature old maid. Her younger sister, Christiane, is more spirited in temperament. She falls in love with a painter, named Arnaud, who, though married, has been separated from his wife for ten years, but who has been unable to persuade the latter to grant him a divorce. Arnaud and Christiane are unable to accept the prospect of parting, and yield to the overwhelming power of their love. At the climax of the play, Christiane is broken down by cross-examination and confesses her sin to her father; and at that moment, Odette, who until then has drifted through the drama —withdrawn, repressed, and unassertive —unexpectedly comes forward and, in a sudden torrent, denounces her father for his selfish treatment of herself and Christiane and asserts that a woman's sense of love is not only mightier but better than a man's sense of honour.

This surprising outburst produces a very emphatic effect upon the audience. It is only after detached consideration that it is possible to perceive that the ethics of this big situation are fundamentally false. The concluding lines of Odette's hysterical explosion are as follows: "Go, Christiane! Go forth to your life and to your love! You are free. I have paid your ransom." The curtain falls; the audience applauds and cheers. But surely it is unsound to assert that the suffering self-denial of one woman has earned for another the moral right to transgress the by-laws of society. It

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would be just as logical to assert that I may commit a murder because my brother once wanted to kill a man but didn't.

The Lily is not important as a criticism of life; but it is a very effective play, interesting in action and clear in characterisation. In Paris, Pierre Wolff, who is better known in the theatre than his collaborator, has never been considered as a dramatist who really counts; and it is worthy of record that a study of the original text of *The Lily** reveals the fact that Mr. Belasco has materially improved

*Le Lys. Par Pierre Wolff et Gaston Leroux. Paris: Charpentier et Fasquelle. 1909.

"THE LILY." ACT III.

"Odette unexpectedly comes forward and, in a sudden torrent, denounces her father for his selfish treatment of herself and Christiane."

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the play in every act. The last act, which, in the original, was a weakly sentimental appeal for the pleasures of free love, he has entirely discarded, to substitute an act more closely related in substance and in mood to the antecedent action. A pleasant old friend of the family—named Chabreloche in the original and Huzar in the adaptation—has been strengthened by Mr. Belasco and put to more dramatic uses. And one of the best effects of Mr. Belasco's play does not appear in the original at all. In the second act, Christiane is forced by her father to write an unsigned letter asking Arnaud to come to her at once. The letter is despatched by messenger; and, at the curtain fall, de Maigny, his son, and Huzar, sit down quietly to wait for twenty minutes to see if Arnaud will recognise the handwriting and come in answer to the letter. As an instance of dramatic structure, this calm effect is even better than the hysterical big situation at the climax of the play.

"Mid-Channel"

At present there is, writing in our language, one—and only one—absolute master of the modern art of drama; and his name is Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. This fact, which has been recognised for many years by studious observers of the stage, has been evidenced anew this season by the production of Sir Arthur's latest masterpiece, *Mid-Channel*.

The subject of this play is the hopeless marital misunderstanding which afflicts in middle life a rugged, rather brutal business man, named Theodore Blundell, and his wife, Zoe, an idle, pleasure-loving woman, who drifts aimlessly along the line of least resistance. At the outset of their married life, they have made the mistake of resolving not to encumber themselves with children. Now, after a dozen years, they have no common interests; and though they are rather fond of each other, they continually bore themselves into nervous tiffs and annoyed recriminations. The first act expounds this basic situation distinctly and completely; and at the curtain fall, there is a flare-up and the husband leaves the house. The rest of the play happens five months later. The second act and the third act are admirably balanced—the one exhibiting the effect upon the wife, the other the effect upon the husband, of the period of separation. Each has become—to use a phrase of their own—"rather a rotter." Zoe has dallied in Italy with a young and caddish cub to whom she has succumbed in a moment of weakness; and Theodore has taken up with a mercenary lady notorious for a succession of divorces. At the close of the second act, Zoe sends her lover away and insists that he shall marry a young girl who is in love with him; and during the third act, Theodore dismisses the merry lady of many men. At the climax of the third act, Zoe and Theodore are brought together by a mutual friend and left to patch up the fragments of their lives. The husband admits frankly that he has sinned, and the wife forgives him; but when she adds that they are both sinners, he looks upon her in an appalling quietude of absolute estrangement, and then sends her back to her lover. She arrives at the latter's rooms to find that he has already obeyed her behest and engaged himself to marry the young girl who is fond of him. There is, beyond the windows, a balcony very high above a public square; and from this Zoe casts herself to the pavement below.

This, of course, is an exceedingly uncomfortable story; and the people who figure in it are the sort of people that we do not care to know. That large majority of theatre-goers who judge a play by its subject-matter instead of by its art will, therefore, very likely find *Mid-Channel* a hateful and distasteful exhibition. But students of the stage, who are interested in art regardless of its subject-matter, should see the play, if possible, once a week as long as it remains on view; because it is an absolute and faultless masterpiece of structure. It is soldidly, compactly, built. No material is wasted; every line and every gesture counts. Every detail of the piece is nicely related to every other; and each detail produces a three-fold effect—first, by and for itself; second, by reminiscence of something that has preceded it; and third, by anticipation of something that is yet to come. The characters are analysed with a thoroughness that is almost terrible. There is little objective action in the piece

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—rather a steady gathering of intense internal conflict. It is worthy of especial remark that the play never breaks out into a sudden single big situation to excite the audience. No one moment of it is more effective than any other; and it therefore remains unfailingly powerful until the final curtain. The characters are living human beings: they control the play from the beginning to the end, and

"MID-CHANNEL." ACT III.

"The husband admits frankly that he has sinned, and the wife forgives him; but when she adds that they are both sinners, he looks upon her in an appalling quietude of absolute estrangement."

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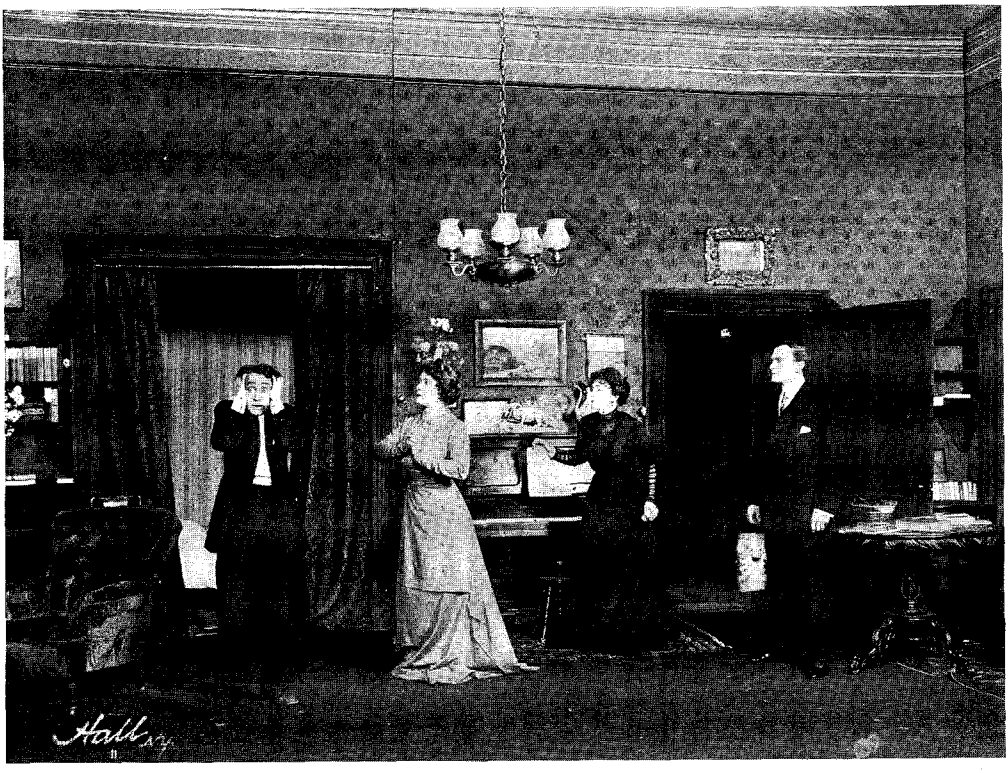
never suffer a shift of emphasis to the element of action. The author never tampers with reality to produce a sudden horrifying smash. The dialogue is masterly in easy fluency—crisp and pointed, and nervously concise.

But it is impossible to suggest, within the compass of so brief a study as the present, the full power of this extraordinary work of art. Sir Arthur Pinero is endowed with the finest, clearest, strongest, most uncompromising mind that has applied itself to the art of English drama since the retirement of Sheridan. To say that, at the present time, he is our one unfaltering and faultless artist is not to overstate the truth. It is to him that all our younger dramatists must turn to study the consummate possibilities of modern dramaturgy.

"Madame X"

It is a long descent from the art of *Mid-Channel* to the mechanics of *Madame X*, a melodrama by Alexandre Bisson, which is loosely fabricated in a prologue and three acts, for the purpose of projecting a single big situation which evokes from an uncritical audience an hysterical torrent of tears. The story rambles over twenty years of time; the second act is frankly kept undramatic in order that the author may prepare the mechanism for the big scene to follow in the third; the plot is unplausible; the people of the play are merely puppets; and the dialogue is lacking in distinction. Yet the final one-act melodrama for which so much is sacrificed exhibits a situation which—though unimaginable as life, because it depends



"THE WATCHER." ACT IV.

"He raises a pistol to his head; then suddenly casts it from him, starts to his feet, and proceeds to talk to the environing air."

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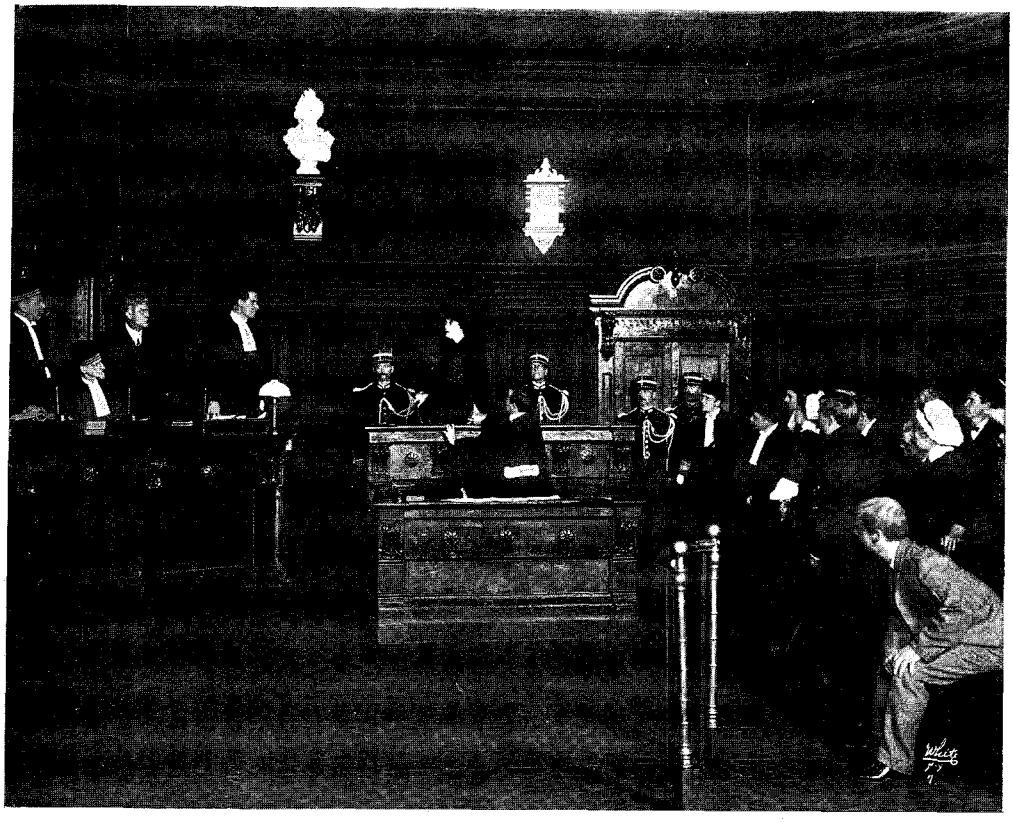
upon incredibly intricate coincidences—is very powerful in its appeal to the popular sense of pathos. The heroine has sinned and has been cast off by her husband at the time when her little son was four years old. During the succeeding score of years she has drifted down in degradation, has become an ether fiend, and shoots and kills him. She is arrested for murder; and by an artificial coincidence, her own son, not knowing who she is, is appointed by the court to defend her. Furthermore, her husband is invited to sit on the bench with the presiding judges, in order to hear his son plead his first case. In court, the husband and the wife



"MADAME X." ACT III.

"In court, the husband and the wife recognise each other. Their son, still ignorant of the relationship, makes a pathetic appeal to the jury, which results in the acquittal of the heroine."

has lived successively with various disreputable adventurers. Meanwhile her husband, knowing nothing of her fate, has risen steadily in life. He has become a judge; and his son, at the age of twenty-four, has been admitted to the bar. When the heroine's latest consort declares his intention of blackmailing her husband, the heroine, to save herself from exposure before the eyes of her unknown son, recognise each other. Their son, still ignorant of the relationship, makes a pathetic appeal to the jury which results in the acquittal of the heroine. Subsequently, his father reveals to him the fact that his client is his own mother. A tender scene ensues between mother and son, at the close of which the former dies.

The one touch of art in this mechanical melodrama is the reservation of the big

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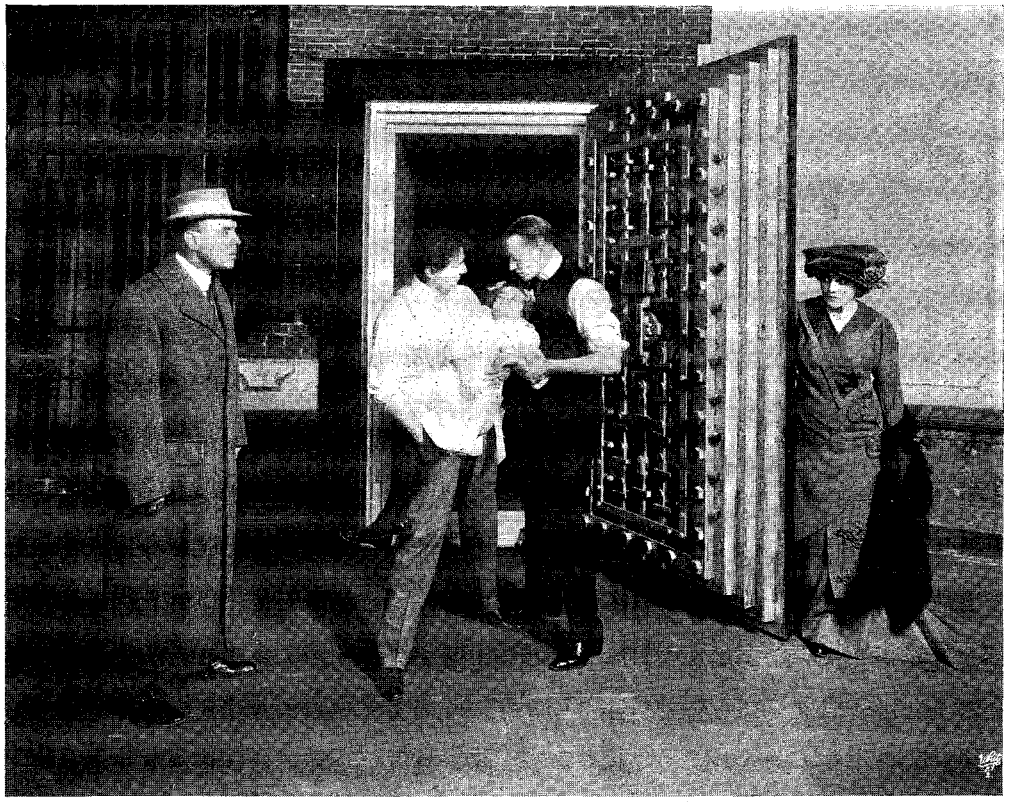
scene until the final act, so that the audience may have no opportunity to recover from the onslaught upon its primitive emotions. Confronted by the scene in the court-room, the critic must retire in discomfiture; for though it is not art, it certainly is striking. After all, the only valid test of melodrama is the appeal that it makes to the populace; and it must fairly be recorded that every night this court-room situation unsluices sentimental tears.



"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE." ACT IV.

"A little girl has been shut up in a new vault, of which as yet no one knows the combination. To save the child's life, Jimmy is obliged to crack the safe."

Alias Jimmy Valentine, by Mr. Paul Armstrong, is a far better melodrama; because it is more credible in incident, more neatly and steadily constructed, and more nearly related to life, both in characterisation and in dialogue. Jimmy Valentine is a burglar with a unique faculty for deciphering the combinations of safes by the touch of his finger-tips. He is released from Sing Sing by the intervention of the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, who is moved to this course by the influence of his niece, who takes a sentimental interest in Jimmy and believes, of course, that he is innocent of crime. Jimmy turns over a new leaf after his release, becomes a trusted employee in a bank, and wins the love of the heroine and the respect of her father, who is the president of the institution. A detective with a personal grudge against Jimmy comes to arrest him for complicity in an old robbery, of which he actually has been guilty; but the hero defends himself with a fabricated alibi so clever that the detective is outwitted. The next moment

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

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Jimmy is forced to betray himself, both to the detective and to the girl that he loves, by a sudden circumstance which becomes the big situation of the play. A little girl, playing hide and seek, has been shut up by her small brother in a new vault which has just been constructed in the bank and of which as yet no one knows the combination. To save the child's life Jimmy is obliged to crack the safe in his old professional way. This last scene, in which the hero, with his eyes bandaged, toils at the combination with feverish intensity, while the heroine and the detective are watching him at work, rouses the audience to a high pitch of pleasurable enthusiasm. This situation, which Mr. Armstrong borrowed from a story of O. Henry's entitled *A Retrieved Reformation,* is very clever in its visual appeal; and it has wisely been reserved until the final moment of the play.

"The Watcher"

The Watcher, by Miss Cora Maynard, a young author of decided promise, is an incongruous compound of two elements, one of which is a straightforward and fairly stirring dramatic story, and the other of which is a lot of senseless mooning about the imagined presence in a household of the spirit of a woman who is dead. The really dramatic story deals with a discontented married woman who, because of a jealous rage against a man who loves her husband's sister, locks this man at night into a room with herself, so that her husband and his sister, when they come home, will discover him there and believe him to be the lover of the wife. The primitive fierceness of the jealous woman is convincingly rendered, and the resultant big situation is genuinely exciting. But the other element in the play, from which it takes its title, is not at all convincing. The husband and his sister, whenever matters look particularly bad, suddenly gaze wide-eyed at vacancy and begin talking to the spirit of their dead mother, who is supposed to be visibly present to them. In the last act the mother's dream-face is used as a *deus ex machina* to deter her son from suicide. He raises a pistol to his head; then suddenly casts it from him, starts to his feet, and proceeds to talk to the environing air, while the other characters look upon him with sympathetic amazement. The belief in spiritualism is not yet sufficiently general to make such a scene capable of its desired effect upon the stage.

"The Faith Healer"

Mr. William Vaughn Moody has wrestled with a great theme in *The Faith Healer,** but he has not succeeded in making an effective play. A poetic dreamer, who is endowed with a miraculous power to heal the sick, loses this power at a crucial moment, because his soul becomes clouded with sensual love for a woman, and later, as his love for her becomes spiritualised, regains triumphantly the power which had left him during his bedazzlement of soul. This theme obviously affords the possibility for a really great drama; but Mr. Moody has failed to translate his abstract truth into the concrete terms of life and action. Instead, he has told his story symbolically. The dramatic struggle is all imagined within the mind of the faith healer, instead of being acted out objectively upon the stage. As a result, the play seems dreamy, vague, and unsubstantial. It is, however, impressive in mood, and has the literary merit of being written in a beautiful poetic prose.

Clayton Hamilton.

*The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1910.

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THE QUESTION OF AGE LIMITS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*

F one were to ask the question, what are the age limits between which our fellow human beings are of chief interest to us, our first impulse would be to regard it as a futile and rather silly way of wasting time. Our off-hand answer would probably be that life is interesting in its entirety; that we cannot single out any particular age or class or sex as being of particular interest, because it is the sum total of humanity, rather than its parts that really matters. But however sound this may seem in theory, a little study of our makers of fiction shows that it does not work well in practice. What the great majority of men and women, old and young, are interested in is not, on the one hand, the words and thoughts and actions of children, nor, on the other, the words and thoughts and actions of the very old:—it is the vital, intimate interests and emotions of people in their early prime; of women in the years when their hearts are young, of men in the years when their faculties are alert and eager, the years when the big work of the world is being done.

It is easy, at this point, to raise the objection that many a novel of serious import and of wide popularity has been written, involving on the one hand the lives of children, and on the other hand those of men and women standing very near the full sum of allotted years. It is easy to point to a very familiar type of story, in which the first chapter introduces us to the hero or heroine somewhere near the hour of birth, and follows the subsequent course of their lives, either to their death or to some arbitrarily chosen intermediate point that the author is pleased to regard as the real crisis of their lives. *Jane Eyre* and *The Mill on the Floss,* it will probably be suggested, are well-nigh as remarkable for their portrayal of the hopes and disappointments of childhood, as for the more serious tragedies of maturity, and somebody is almost certain to point quite triumphantly to Henry James's *What Maisie Knew* as a book peculiarly suited to the taste of the mature and thoughtful mind, which nevertheless not only concerns itself with a heroine of rather tender years, but sees all the rest of life consistently and exclusively through her somewhat circumscribed field of vision.

All this is perfectly true; and true because it gives us not exceptions but merely consummations of the statement made in the first paragraph. The childhood of Maggie Tulliver and of Jane Eyre—and we might add of David Copperfield and of Henry Esmond—has its real interest not in picturing the children that they are, but in foreshadowing the men and the women they are destined to be. If George Eliot, for instance, had broken off her narrative in the midst of those early years at St. Oggs, how often would it, in the natural course of things, be taken from the shelf? Would it not, perforce, be classified among the juveniles, and yet prove too ponderous to appeal to the age which still enjoys *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Jungle Tales?* And *What Maisie Knew* is, if you only look at it in the right way, as far removed as possible from being either a child's story or a story about a child. It is a story about grown men and women who have sinned and suffered, and whose transgressions and penance are peculiarly magnified by being seen through the uncomprehending eyes of childhood.

And similarly, wherever you find, in

*On the Branch. By Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Unknown Quantity. By Gertrude Hall. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

A Girl of the Limberlost. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Crimson Azaleas. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.

The God of Love. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Lord Loveland Discovers America. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Friendship Village Love Stories. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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fiction, great prominence given to the very young or the very old, it is safe to say that if you honestly seek for it you will find that the structural interest of the children is due to what they are going to be, that of the aged, to what they have been. Or, if not this, then it is that lesser interest of contrast, by which the helplessness of childhood, the impotence of age, is made to emphasise the strength and courage of life in its prime. But let us make no mistake about just what we mean by the age limit of the principal characters in a novel. A story written in the first person may very well begin somewhat after this fashion: "I am an old man now, my dears; I have been a grandfather more years than I care to count, yet well I remember, in those far off days the brave adventures that I had in peace and war, and that I am here about to set down." Now a novel which begins like that may possibly give one a shudder of apprehension; but the apprehension will be in regard to its literary quality and not at all in regard to the dotage of its narrator; although seen from a distance it will still be a story of men and women in their prime.

But the real question at issue is whether we can assign, for the sake of having a working rule, anything like a definite age limit for what shall be regarded as the prime of life in hero and heroine. There was a time when a large part of our English fiction, making the love interest the one predominant feature, chose to begin with a flirtation and end with a marriage; and since, to the outside spectator, the romance surrounding courtship diminishes very nearly in inverse proportion to the square of the ages, it is not surprising that there was a sort of unwritten law that hero and heroine should both be very young, and both good to look upon. In one sense, Balzac's *Femme de Trente Ans* marked an epoch, in having thus daringly advanced this unwritten age limit, just as Charlotte Brontë marked another epoch in daring to make her heroine unbeautiful. To-day, the heroine of thirty, of forty, even of fifty, has found favour with the reading public—although the last-named case is distinctly rare. But one cannot recall a single successful novel where the interest of the book centres in the emotions, the experiences and the views of life of a woman who, from the beginning to the end of the story, has already crossed the threshold of old age.

This whole question of age limit is suggested this month by a rather remarkable book, *On the Branch,* by a French woman who chooses to mask her identity under the pseudonym of Pierre de Coulevain; a book that in France has already sold well above the hundred thousand mark. Not merely for this reason, but because also it possesses an uncommon distinction of style, a rare maturity of thought, and a delightful broadness of view toward life in general, it is a book that cannot be carelessly dismissed. Nevertheless, it is a book which transgresses, more or less deliberately, many of the established rules of good technique; it gives you the impression that the author does not care what other writers have done in the past, are doing to-day, or are likely to do in the future. She simply writes straight ahead, putting down what she pleases, in whatever order it happens to come, tranquilly assuming that the reader will be just as indulgent, just as attentive, just as enthusiastic, whether she makes orderly progress with her story or goes off on a side track regarding French politics, woman's emancipation, astronomy or the Church of England. To a reader who is sensitive to matters of good construction the book causes an exasperation that makes a steady reading to completion well-nigh intolerable; one is forced to lay it aside, every now and then, in order to get one's ruffled temper into harmony once more—and yet, there is no escaping from the sense that it has behind it the force of a rare and cultured personality. The really surprising thing about it is its established vogue in France, the home and source of all that is technically best in modern fiction.

"On the Branch"

The plot of the book is neither complicated nor especially original. The heroine, Madame de Myères, does not learn, until the very hour of her husband's death, the hour of her first great grief, that her husband has been untrue to her, that her rival is her married cousin, Colette, and that the dead man, lying

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there before her, is really the father of Colette's little son. The discovery of this double treachery embitters the woman, isolates her from her family, drives her into a life of restless roaming, a life in strange cities and cosmopolitan surroundings which, little by little, broadens and mellows her and prepares her for an eventual reconciliation and peace of mind. And this final state is attained only after she has forced herself to befriend the son of her dead husband to save him in his hour of grief, and while working for his happiness, to find her own in the affection he bestows upon her. This sounds as though it might make a strong and rather firmly knit structure; the trouble is not with the plot but with the method. The book is written after the loose, haphazard fashion of a daily journal. At its opening, Madame de Myères is fifty-seven years of age; and it is the thoughts, the feelings, the hopes and fears of this woman of fifty-seven that we are asked to take an interest in throughout four hundred closely written pages of autobiography. Of Economy of Means, the author might just as well never have heard; obviously she scorns it. People too numerous to count appear upon the page, then disappear, friends, strangers, Frenchmen and foreigners, while the scene shifts from hotel to hotel, from Cannes to Paris, from Paris to Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, to Aix-les-Bains, to Porte Joie, interrupted by a brief visit to England. And she is so busy discussing the people she meets, the books she reads, and the books she writes—for the heroine is a famous novelist—the places she visits and the big problems of contemporary life that she has not time, within the first eighty pages of the book, to do more than hint vaguely that there has been a tragedy in her life. Then, all of a sudden, while visiting in England, she finds herself tumultuously pouring out the whole painful, long-buried tale into the ears of a kind old English statesman, himself tottering on the brink of the grave. The reader does not know, the Englishman does not know, she herself does not know why she should have chosen him for a confidant. One may hazard the guess that the author thought it was about time to get an inkling of the story before the public, the Englishman happened to be there, and so she pressed a button, so to speak, and set her heroine to talking.

Throughout the book, the essential story is told in very much this sort of way, in spasmodic instalments. And, with the best will in the world, one finds it very difficult to see the book as one well-rounded, unified story, and to prevent it from breaking up into its separate parts. The first episode, that of the husband's faithlessness, seems really such a remote matter, so diminished by distance as scarcely to be worth the importance attached to it by a woman who, years ago, ceased to be the woman she had been when it happened—a woman from whom the whole brief episode remained successfully hidden for ten years after its occurrence, and who does not open her lips to tell us about it until fifteen years later, not until the child is a man of twenty-four, with serious love entanglements of his own. The author tries hard to resurrect the dead and buried emotions of that remote period, but she cannot quite do it. She shows us too plainly Madame de Myères as she is to-day, with her calm, broad sanity, her wise outlook upon life, her steady pulse beat:—and we say, it is impossible that a woman like that has been unable, in fifteen years, to rise above the narrowness of that earlier self. The two pictures do not fit together. And this is in a large measure the reason why the book breaks in the middle. In Madame de Myères, herself, as she is to-day to the world at large, a woman of delightful culture and cosmopolitan tolerance, it is easy to find much to admire. One feels that her writings might be worth reading, whether they should take the form of essay or of novel. But Madame de Myères, as the heroine of her own story, fails to hold the stage. She is simply a magnifying lens, through which we see quite clearly two separate stories, the tragic story of her earlier self, and the happier story of her godson. But in neither of them can we think of Madame de Myères herself as the chief actor, or understand, except by an intellectual effort, the poignant emotions that she seems to wring from them.

The Unknown Quantity, by Gertrude Hall, is a pleasant and tender story,

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dominated by a commendable seriousness of purpose, and rising at times to that dignity which comes from seeing life with sincerity and truth. In terms of the literary shop, Miss Hall has done technically a very good job; and while she has not attempted to treat life on a large scale, and has been content to picture a few simple unpretentious people, at the same time she has a rather big idea for a working basis. In point of age limits, she has a rather ample margin to spare; her heroine is a widow still in the early thirties. From the beginning, it is clear that she has seen much trouble. A frail, friendless little woman, with a child and a mother-in-law dependent upon her, she has watched her small capital dwindle month by month, has seen her old home dropping apart for want of repairs, and finally sold at a sacrifice; and all this time she has known the day must come when she will have to face the world and toil for a living. It happens that she is of the type of woman who, apparently weak and helpless, will nevertheless show a surprising endurance; and who, because of her unconscious appeal to masculine sympathy, will obtain chances that stronger, bigger, physically more attractive women will not get. It happens that the first person to whom she applies is the son of her father's old family lawyer; and he, though not of the impressionable sort, finds himself haunted by the mute appeal of that pale-faced black-robed little figure, pathetically courageous in her helplessness. He suddenly discovers what has never before occurred to him, that it is absolutely essential for his mother to have a companion, and that the little widow is the one person in the world to fill that position. The rest of the story is simply a working out of the effect of propinquity upon a young woman whose first experience of marriage had been so unfortunate that she has had little desire to repeat it—but the situation is further complicated by the exceptional nature of her wrongs. Briefly, it was a case of platonic friendship of a rare and beautiful sort, misunderstood by her husband and also by the other man's jealous wife—who brought suit for alienation of affections. The suit was dismissed, but the husband chose to remain unconvinced and to cast her off. And the story hinges upon man's injustice toward woman in his willingness to accept at second or third hand hearsay evidence against her, in spite of decisions of a court of law, and in spite of the fact that jealousy can always trump up plausible grounds for bringing an unfounded suit.

"The Unknown Quantity"

Still another volume of the current month which hinges upon the wrongs done by a husband now long dead is *A Girl of the Limberlost,* by Gene Stratton-Porter. To a majority of the readers, this underlying theme will probably remain of secondary importance. They will find an unalloyed pleasure in the delightful outdoor atmosphere of those rare and beautiful woodlands that the author has already made familiar as the stage setting of an earlier volume, *Freckles.* To those who know the intimate charm of the wild life of field and dell, the rare and deeply hidden flower, the miracle of colour on the wings of some seldom-seen butterfly, the reason why Elnora Comstock's mother lives in poverty in the forest lands bordering on the swamps; why she hates her only daughter, and refuses to give her decent clothing or a penny with which to pay for schooling, all seems a matter to be brushed aside as a rather painful matter that is not worth while remembering while we are well and happy. The essential fact is that here is a dauntless young woman determined to educate herself; that in the face of all obstacles she finds a way of going daily to the distant high school, in the nearest town; a way to obtain the hats and dresses and shoes she needs, and the money she must pay for books and for tuition. All this she does through her intimate knowledge of woodland life, her ability to track down and capture the great night moths that fly in June, to obtain their eggs and rear perfect specimens by the score for which collectors, the world over, were glad to pay big prices. The book perhaps lacks somewhat in plausibility; success comes a little too easily; the rarest and most expensive moths have a most unrealistic way of generously flitting into her grasp

"A Girl of the Limberlost"

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at the psychological moment. And in addition to this, there is that commonplace of romantic fiction, the handsome and wealthy stranger who has come from his city home to the wilderness to win back health—and who succeeds in winning a wife at the same time. But those who really care for woodcraft will not be troubled by such small matters as these; while, as for the other class of readers, they will fall back upon the tragedy of the mother's life, her long years of bitterness in regretting the husband drowned in the swamp before her eyes—the husband whom she might have saved excepting for the grim fact that the hour of his death was the hour of the daughter's birth. This is the reason why for eighteen years she hates Elnora with an implacable, remorseless hatred, finding a cruel pleasure in thwarting and humiliating the girl. And it is not until Elnora has surmounted practically all of her difficulties that the mother discovers that the husband she has mourned was not worthy of a single regret, that at the time of his death he was on his way to keep tryst with another woman, and that the cause of his drowning was because he was sneaking, thief-like, along the edge of the swamp, in order that his wife should not see him go. The book skirts the boundary line of melodrama, but there is real strength in the character study of the mother.

"The Crimson Azaleas"

The question of age limits can hardly be said to enter into such an elusive and fantastic story as *The Crimson Azaleas,* by H. de Vere Stacpoole, a story in which the heroine's real age, birth and parentage are involved in mystery. It is merely a charming and exotic idyll, a sort of toyland story of Japan, in which real values are turned to topsy-turvy that right and wrong become curiously twisted, and one find one's self crediting miracles and shuddering at shadows. The sober, practical side of the book concerns a partnership formed by two hard-headed Scotchmen in conjunction with the biggest rascal in all Japan, for the purpose of selling bogus curios to unsuspecting tourists. The mystic element of the tale concerns a dainty Japanese child, a mysterious little waif found by the Scotchmen in an azalea patch and subsequently adopted by one of them. The curious circumstance of her origin is this: The Scotchmen have met a blind and most repulsive beggar who has offered to do a magic for them, and to bring a dragon out of the woods. While he is busy working his magic, by means of circle within circle, Leslie, the younger Scotchman, mischievously traces the sign of the cross in the dust, accidentally touching the beggar's heal. The effect is rather horrible; the blind beggar goes into a curious attack of emotional insanity, epilepsy or devil-driven fear, and starts on a mad, aimless course, colliding cruelly with every tree he meets, exactly as though a host of unseen demons were surrounding him and opening up their circle in such a way as to drive him headlong against the trunks. Later in the story, when the body is found, the Japanese authorities laconically return a decision to the effect that "he has been beaten to death by the trees." To Leslie, this incident has no connection with the appearance of the child; but to his friend, M'Gourley, who is better versed in Japanese superstition, there is no doubt that the child is the product of a magic gone wrong, that "there was something forming in yon wood, something dom bad and you flung it out of the forming element, and the wraith of some dead bairn was wandering aboot and was just suckid in." For a number of years it matters little what was the origin of Campanula, as Leslie's adopted waif is called. We have a very pretty, straightforward narrative of native Japanese life, full of quaint customs and a soft glow of local colour. Then the outside word intervenes in the shape of an Englishwoman who was once a part of Leslie's life, has since married another man, regrets her bargain and would like to win Leslie back again. One cannot help feeling this part of the story to be hopelessly out of key; it jars badly like a rasping discord. Of course, what the story needed was simply the call of the outside world, something that would take Leslie away and bring to Campanula a sense of the inevitable. To give that outside call definite shape had the effect of misplacing the chief accent. Neverthe-

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less, the ending is a finished bit of art. What becomes of Campanula we are never told. Perhaps the blind beggar whom the trees beat to death never comes to life again; perhaps the sound that Leslie hears at night is not the tapping of the beggar's staff, but only a loose lath swayed by the wind. But the fact remains that when Leslie, in desperate loneliness, returns to Campanula and to his real happiness, he finds she is gone—and the last trace that remains of her on earth he finds in the midst of the azalea patch where she first appeared.

"The God of Love"

The God of Love, by Justin Huntly McCarthy would appeal to readers who love blithe romance and the blue Italian sky, and who can forgive a modern novelist for taking liberties with the perfect story of Dante's *Vita Nuova.* A Romeo and Juliet type of tale, set in the imperishable beauty of old Florence, in the days when the city was rent asunder with warring factions, and each man's castle was an armed fortress, is material enough from which to make a brave tale full of colour and poetry, requited love and baffled hope. But this is not precisely the sort of tale that most people care to associate with the honoured author of *The Divine Comedy;* and that is why to a good many readers *The God of Love* will seem like an offence akin to blasphemy.

"Lord Loveland Discovers America"

The Williamsons certainly have perfected their formula for producing the so-called "best-seller" even when we see perfectly well the cog-wheels of their machinery, and understand perfectly well each tried and trusted trick, we cannot help cordially admiring the cleverness of it all. They know so exceedingly well just what they are trying to do, and they are so triumphantly successful in doing it. Take, for instance, their new volume, *Lord Loveland Discovers America.* Here is an English lord who comes to America, a self-confessed heiress-hunter. He meets a girl whom he would like to marry, but she is poor; and because he knows even less about himself than about America, he resists the temptation. It is necessary to educate Lord Loveland—and the authors do so in the following manner. It happens, no matter how—any one who cares to may learn by reading the book—that the people in America do not seem to appreciate the honour of Lord Loveland's visit. His bankers refuse to honour his letter of credit; his various letters of introduction are spurned, the management of the big New York hotel where he is stopping demand instant payment of their bill, and since he cannot pay eject him at night, clad only in evening clothes and a steamer cap. An experience in the bread line, on the hard benches of a city park, and a week's service as waiter in an east-side eating-house are factors in the author's very thorough scheme of educating Lord Loveland into a human being, capable of finding interest in his fellow-men, and qualified to become the husband of a decent American girl. On the whole, a clever piece of work of its kind.

"Friendship Village Love Stories"

To those who found a rare and lingering delight in the delicate artistry of Miss Zona Gale's *Friendship Village,* her new volume of *Friendship Village Love Stories* will need no special encomium. We meet again the same old friends, together with a few others, none the less welcome because they are new; and we bask for a few pleasant hours in that exhilarating human sunshine that radiates straight from the heart of people who are real and true and big of soul. Friendship Village may have no definite location upon the printed map of the world; but it abides permanently in the memories of countless readers who in the enjoyment of its chronicles have been able temporarily to forget the latitude and longitude of their own personal cares and sorrows. Let us by all means give cordial welcome to this new instalment to the end that still others may follow without stint.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

A. B. Faust's "The German Element"*

Speculation as to the traits and qualities of the true type of the present and future American is a matter whose fascinating interest will naturally be much increased by some knowledge of the proportions and character of the component elements. And, moreover, such knowledge is at the present time not without considerable practical value, since the immigration question, with a view to restriction or discrimination, is one that before long must be seriously and actively considered by the people of the United States. Such a work, therefore, as that of Professor Faust, placing before us in convenient form the results of an immense amount of research into the history and character of an element of which more than one-quarter of the present population of the country is composed, becomes of more than passing interest and importance. The time seems ripe for its appearance.

Professor Faust describes the chief contributions of the German race to the American stock as "the humble virtues which constitute, nevertheless, the backbone of good citizenship, such as respect for the law, honesty and promptness in the discharge of business obligations, dogged persistence, industry, and economy"—certain qualities which, in the opinion of some of our critics, should be more widely diffused through the American race. The author records the fact that what he calls the "original anti-grafter" was a Pennsylvania German; and, indeed, the story of Christopher Ludwig is worthy of note, since it has tempted more than one historian of the Revolutionary War to turn for the moment from the more direct path of narration. When appointed superintendent of bakers for the Continental armies, Ludwig was required, as were his predecessors, to furnish one hundred pounds of bread for every hundred pounds of flour. Now, because of the added weight of water, one hundred and thirty-five pounds of bread could be baked from one hundred pounds of flour, and this amount is what Ludwig furnished, although his predecessors had taken advantage of the ignorance of the commissary department and had furnished the equivalent weight of bread for flour.

The example of high sincerity of purpose and uncompromising attitude of conscience in opposition to material interest is one that always excites applause, whether exhibited in individual or national character. Such a spectacle was afforded on more than one occasion by the German colonists and their descendants when confronted with the condition of slavery, and the similarity of their actions is one of the most convincing arguments for the real and lasting value of the Teutonic contribution to the American race. The fact that Germans, although surrounded by other peoples who had come to enjoy the blessing of personal liberty and who held to similar views regarding the brotherhood of man, should on occasions widely separated in time have stood out alone against the practice of slavery is a matter too significant to be disregarded. While the English Quakers of Pennsylvania remained indifferent to the negroes' condition, their German brethren in 1688 took the first formal action against the barter in human flesh ever made within the boundaries of the United States; in Georgia, fifty years later, while the Methodists of the colony were content to uphold George Whitefield's complacent policy, the exiled Salzburgers at Ebenezer proved their higher and more consistent moral standard by a futile though none the less sincere effort to prohibit slavery. Again, a century later, on the eve of the great struggle, the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill undoubtedly struck the German conscience more than any other as an outrageous breach of faith, and had its most revolutionary effect upon the German element in the United States.

*The German Element in the United States. By Albert Bernhardt Faust. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

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Professor Faust quotes from Von Holst that "the Kansas-Nebraska bill, designed to extend negro slavery, proved wonderfully effective for the political emancipation of the German-Americans. They everywhere began to act independently and withdraw from the camp in which it was desired to make Southern principles an absolute party obligation for party men."

The Germans had no share in the discovery and exploration of America, for they were not a seafaring people at the time, but as they led the world in the making of maps, they were by means of charts and globes largely instrumental in diffusing knowledge of the new discovered countries and of the way to get there. The first printed suggestion of the appropriateness of the name "America" for the new continent came from a German. Martin Waldseemüller of Freiburg published his *Cosmographiæ Introductio* in 1507, and this contains an account of the voyages of Vespucius, to which is added:

"But now that these parts have been more widely explored and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius, I do not see why any one may justly forbid it to be named after Americus, its discoverer, a man of sagacious mind, Amerige, that is the land of Americus, or America, since both Europe and Asia derived their names from women."

The first rush of German immigration came in the early decades of the eighteenth century. From the cruelly devastated Palatinate, Würtemberg, Baden, and Switzerland, where religious persecution was rife, the newcomers sought a chance for life and the free exercise of conscience. They were largely in the humbler walks of life, and this explains the difficulty of association with their more wealthy and aristocratic Dutch kinsmen. Their differences were social, not racial. The Germans sought good farm lands, and their poverty naturally drove them to the frontiers, where in greater degree than fell to the lot of any other peoples they performed the dangerous task of driving the entering wedge of civilisation. Immigration was stimulated by the dissemination of literature, which amply shows that the "publicity" man of the present can learn something from a contemplation of the work of his predecessors. Some of the descriptive pamphlets were "of so seductive a nature that governments found it necessary to circulate literature with a view to counteracting the dangerous influence. . . . The land literally flows with milk and honey—the cows roaming about on perfect pasturage all the year round, and honey being found abundantly in hollow trees. Wild turkeys are found in flocks of five hundred, geese—that some of the farmers possess in flocks to the number of two hundred—furnish choice feather beds. As for game, the bisons put their heads through the windows of the log cabins, waiting to be shot; the wolves are by no means as large as the European and can be easily tamed."

Professor Faust devotes the first volume of his work to an exhaustive history of the various settlements of Germans in the United States, from the middle of the sixteenth century down to the present day, tracing their course over the Alleghenies from Virginia and Carolina into Kentucky and Tennessee, then north of the Ohio, where, joining the movement of the Palatinates from the Middle Atlantic States, the westward march continued until, as the last census report shows, the German population is not alone the most widespread but is more equally distributed over the territory of the United States than any other foreign element.

The purpose of the second volume is to show the influence of this vast and important element upon the American nation as well as its services to industry, education, politics, science, and art. But the great amount of undigested material in the latter half of the work regarding the Germans and German-Americans in this country robs it for the general reader of the narrative interest of the first. One would be grateful here for more enlightened generalisation and less of mere biographic detail. Yet it is none the less convincing that Professor Faust has been untiring in his efforts to make his work as authentic and as complete as possible, to which the excellent and comprehensive bibliography at the end likewise attests.

George H. Casamajor.

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II

C. H. Towne's "Manhattan"*

It is a difficult matter to write a poem descriptive of some definite and concrete thing, and still keep within the realm of poetry; for there is something at once broad and intangible in the nature of poetry that makes a local habitation and a name things of danger. Mr. Towne has, therefore, in his poem *Manhattan* achieved a real triumph. For the book is distinctly a poem, despite the fact that it is more or less descriptive of a city—a city of iron girders and a billion lights, of noise and traffic and incongruous juxtapositions, this conglomeration of immensity and smallness, this anything but halcyon result of the human energies within it.

But a city is no mere collection of buildings and streets. It is also a breathing thing, a life made up of all the lives that exist in it; a spirit dwells within its stone and iron, and in moments of abstraction or illumination you catch glimpses of this entity, meet its regard, perceive its soul of which you are a part. It is this city within a city that we find in *Manhattan*. Not the New York broken into streets and squares, but the essence, the thing that attracts and repels, the New York we feel and know but cannot put into words, our city, familiar and yet strange.

City I love and hate!—How shall I sing
The miracle of your might in such a mood?
How can I still the anger in my heart,
To tell of your great beauty? How dispel
The anguish I have known at your strong hands,
To whisper of your wonder?

Here, in the first few lines, is sounded the note that runs through the entire poem; the struggle between the infinite attraction of the City, and the terror, the loss, the robbery she inflicts—who teaches us

To lose our youthful dream
Of God's wide gardens and His quiet woods

and who, for

Lost peace! Lost rapturous evenings! Olden dawns!

gives us

The madness in the blood and in the brain
That comes and grows . . .

and yet the City we needs must love, the City who bewitches us and forever draws us back from far wanderings in

. . . The wind-swept spaces of the West,
Or the cool, valiant mornings of the North,
Or the warm, dripping, singing lanes . . .
In the good Southern country.

* * * * *

Back to the old, sweet bondage, as a man
Returns to Love, however sad Love be.

Almost every page has its translation of a scene and the mood it involves. For example, the canto to Spring beginning

Spring comes to town like some mad girl, who runs
With silver feet upon the Avenue,

is as delicate and full of colour as an anemone. In sharp contrast stands the picture of "God's punctual poor" who strive

. . . That they may keep the mouths
Of pallid children fed with food enough
To grow to paler man- and woman-hood,
And then to follow in the paths they knew—
The piteous, narrow, sorrow-stricken way—
Yet wide enough to lead an army on,
Morn after morn, day after desolate day.

The ceaseless beat and change of the City's life finds its voice in this poem. Here the hot, heavy nights, when

The sweltering Summer brings her furious fires
And lights them on the City's iron hearth,

and the clamour of her crowded ways are sung. Here the deadly loneliness endured too often in the midst of ardent life,

A lonely girl sat in a far, high room,

and the feverish gaiety of the cafés are tensely drawn for us. All the weariness, the tyranny, the glamour and surrender of the City find expression.

The poem is of a singular simplicity, utterly free from any striving after effect or the least trace of that affectation that

*Manhattan. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00.

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mars too much modern verse. Interspersed between the blank verse are some six or eight admirable lyrics. To quote the first and last verses of one of them.

Alone—yet not alone
In this wild whirl and blur;
How vacantly the stone
Stares up at her!

Alone! No distance makes
Such solitude as this;
While her heart bleeds and breaks,
Hearken—a kiss!

Manhattan will find favour with all lovers of good verse. Whoever, whether as sojourner or inhabitant, has felt the fascination of the City's whirling life and subtle danger, its power of good and evil, has tasted its gall and magic honey and heard its voice, will read the book with genuine pleasure.

Hildegarde Hawthorne

III

Percy Addleshaw's "Sir Philip Sidney"*

This book, which is written with much positiveness of assertion and with much assurance of judgment, would seem to take as its text the remark made by a modern critic that "if the truth must be told, Sidney, as we now know him, is not an eminently engaging or profoundly interesting character." Its main purpose is apparently to enter a protest against an exaggerated ideal conception of Sidney as a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Yet no one with more than the merest cursory knowledge of the young Englishman who, in a short life, achieved so splendid and enduring a reputation, is unaware that Sidney had his faults and committed acts that may, if one wishes to turn appraiser, be regarded as sinful. It is therefore a little difficult to perceive the precise need for such a work as Mr. Addleshaw's, which is presumably addressed, not to a popular, but to a cultivated audience. Moreover, although the author is eager to exhibit Sidney as a man of the sixteenth century, his criticism of his subject is conceived largely in the spirit of the present. Those things that he finds it hardest to forgive in Sidney are preeminently the qualities and standards that Sidney shared with his age. It is the voice of the twentieth century that speaks in the reiterated reproaches that "the flower of European knighthood" was a prig and a Protestant bigot, and in the recurrent statement that it is impossible to get inside the minds of men for whom theological questions were matters of such profound moment. Surely, to quarrel with Sidney from the start, because he is not an indifferent, easy-going, pleasure-loving modern youth, is to labour under a very serious handicap as a biographer; and one must feel that in complaining too captiously because Sidney was himself and not some one else, Mr. Addleshaw misses in his portrayal much of that peculiar charm which, after all, he must be allowed to have possessed, since it was so clearly exerted over his contemporaries. It is how Sidney impressed these, and not how he impresses us, when everything alien and remote in him is magnified, that is the true criterion. And so it happens that this memoir of Sidney, for all its pretensions to a mere accurate interpretation, involves a far greater and more serious element of falsity than many another memoir the writer of which has been content to follow, in its broad lines, the beautiful and inspiring legend that has passed into the imaginative life of the race. Aside, however, from this initial bias which prejudices his whole account, Mr. Addleshaw's book is a lively work, well informed as to facts, fresh and vivid as to personalities, and makes good reading for those interested in the Elizabethan era.

W. A. Bradley.

*Sir Philip Sidney. By Percy Addleshaw. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IV

Mr. Weale's "The Human Cobweb"*

In these days of highly developed specialisation in matters literary, that author is happy who can find a little corner of the habitable globe which he can cultivate without rivalry and call his own.

*The Human Cobweb. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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If his happiness is in proportion to the size of his plot of ground, then Mr. Putnam Weale is to be felicitated above all other novelists. Mr. Weale has written a half dozen or more books, of history and of fiction, about China. He is not by any means the first man to write about the Far East; but with *The Human Cobweb* he has, for the moment at least, staked out an immense claim and warned off intruders. Under the law that obtains in such matters he is within his rights. Possession is, not nine points, but the only point, of the law: possession, and the strength to hold his ground against claim-jumpers. Mr. Weale is unquestionably in possession, and he gives every indication of having the requisite ability to maintain his place.

The Human Cobweb is apparently his first novel. Some of the qualities which conduce to success in the art of fiction were long since apparent in his brilliant studies of Far Eastern politics—the sense of dramatic situations, the perception of human motives underlying great political movements, the graphic style. He has produced a volume of clever, striking short stories—still of the East. And then, he is the author of that curious, remarkable book, *Indiscreet Letters from Peking*. There the historian and the novelist met and became one. No one knew just how much of truth and how much of fiction there were in these clever, cynical, vivid letters—no one, at least, save possibly certain diplomats who maintained a discreet silence in the face of their revelations; but there was no question that they carried conviction of their essential reliability. It was a daringly indiscreet book, with its plain speaking about diplomatic bungling in Peking during the siege, its occasional vulgarities, its scarcely veiled portraits of respectable figures in the world of international politics; but it was virile and forthright and graphic, and immensely entertaining.

The Human Cobweb is more evidently fiction, but it is not on that account less obviously true. Mr. Weale has not deserted his familiar ground, though the story opens with a dinner party in London. The scene soon shifts to Peking (the time, just prior to the siege), and it may be remarked that the author begins at once to seem more thoroughly at home. The plot develops rapidly, and with enough suggestions of complications to stimulate more than a mild interest. It is primarily the tale of a young English engineer, seeking a railway concession in China as the agent of a London syndicate. The late Henry Seton Merriman, one may suppose, would have rejoiced in such a situation, with its inevitable struggle between the diplomacy of the East and of the Occident. The story itself, though it has obvious and even serious flaws, is engrossing enough for the purpose; it derives its distinction from its projection against the picturesque background of the Oriental city. Mr. Weale has lived long enough in the East to know that it must always remain a mystery to the Westerner. He has not lived there long enough, however, to lose his sharp sense of its wonder. He sees the Chinaman still with a fresh eye, quick to note the little details of clothes and gesture and demeanour and talk which go to make up the lifelike portrait. Above all, he is acutely conscious of the threat of danger always lurking under the Oriental's subserviency. His Chinamen are strangely human—fully as human as the motley company of European adventurers in the little hotel where most of the action passes.

Entertaining as the story is, it has its faults, as I have hinted, mostly of a technical sort. Curiously enough, considering Mr. Weale's undoubted dramatic sense, one of them is a lack, or rather an anticipation, of climax. The plot goes on rather aimlessly, after the real point has been reached, apparently because the author felt bound to wind up satisfactorily a nearly superfluous "love interest." While the hero is engaged in his struggle with wily Chinese politicians and dishonest French rivals, while he is getting into danger of his life with enraged mobs of Tartars and extricating himself by the immemorial coolness and resource of the adventurous Englishman, he is thoroughly likable. In the life of such a man a sweetheart is at best no more than an incident, and the author seems to have recognised this truth to the extent of permitting on the part of the reader only a languid interest in the sweet English girl

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for whom he performs some of his prodigies of valour. Decidedly more interesting is the other woman. Mr. Weale evidently regards the loose society of the European colony in an Eastern city with the utmost *sang froid*, so that he has apparently come to adopt their moral point of view. When the manly young Englishman, having fallen in with a charming Frenchwoman and succumbed to her wiles, discovers that she has stolen his plans, he drags her into his room and is only saved by a chance interruption from applying his riding crop to her. Of course, he was carried away by his anger; Mr. Weale does not seem to hold him any the less a gentleman for it. Perhaps it is true that Englishmen, even gentlemen, acquire these pleasant little habits in the Far East. Mr. Weale's picture of the life they lead lends some support to the theory that his hero is a masterpiece of acute and realistic psychology. On the reader who lacks the education of experience in such society the incident may jar unpleasantly. He is, however, hopelessly hard to please if he cannot find plenty of excitement in this romantic and picturesque story.

Burton Bancroft.

V

Mrs. Atherton's "Tower of Ivory"*

Mrs. Atherton is constantly making new ventures. No amount of familiarity with her earlier work can rob her readers of the interest of the unexpected, which, in her case, is always worth while, if not invariably as an achievement, at least as an experiment, or even only as an intention.

In her new book she essays her most ambitious flight thus far, the most imaginative and poetic, for in it she undertakes to retell, in a novel of our own times, the epic of the cosmic power of love sung by the world's greatest poets. She seeks to reincarnate the mighty figures, the love-impelled experiences of their gods and demigods, and of their heroic legendary mortals, in the stature and the emotional exaltation of a man and a woman of today. Her inspiration she draws from the poet-composer who has soared higher than all others, hitching her wagon to the twin stars of his art, as he hitched his to that of epic lore. She employs the music and the strophes of Wagner, the voice and the temperament of the ideal singer, who is both Isolde and Kundry, Sieglinde and Brunnhilde, and Saint Elizabeth, with the destructive possibilities of the queen of the Horselberg glowing within her—the supreme artist who can live their lives as well as act and sing them, who can rise beyond the temptation to possess to the heights of self-denial and self-sacrifice. To crown it all, Mrs. Atherton borrows, with magnificent insight, the darkened, empty opera house of Louis of Bavaria, to accentuate the wider, cosmic proportions and significance of this concrete instance of the one woman and the one man, that the voice of eternal human love, finding fullest utterance in her peerless throat and in her temperament, which is gold and fire but also ivory, may ring out to him across space and solitude and darkness in the mystery of night, and find him seeing, responding. Mad Louis knew the supreme secret of listening to Wagner.

The story is thus superbly posited in the colourful, imaginative early chapters, but in the development it falls from this ambitious height. We must take the intention for the deed. Mrs. Atherton succeeds, in her own ultra-modern way, with her heroine, a genius risen from the mire of the New York pavements; she fails in the case of the man, who, in his slender comeliness, is meant to be a new Tristan and young Siegfried, with the emotional, if not the physical, innocence of Parsifal. Never was a more unconvincing lay figure forced less successfully into a heroic part entirely too large for it. In vain does Mrs. Atherton persist in telling us that he is of the woman's measure, temperamentally and intellectually; in vain does she assure us, in endless repetitions, that in later years he rose to the pinnacles of success and fame. The character, if it can even be called that, is irredeemably weak and insignificant. What Mrs. Atherton shows us in reality is an average young upper-class Englishman, of great distinction and charm of

*Tower of Ivory. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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manner and appearance, débonnair, unformed in character, indolent, immature, unstable as youth mostly is, in whom, at the crisis, unreflecting brutality must simulate the strength he lacks. His creator places him in an atmosphere of feminine adulation, young but mostly older, but not once does she venture (there is food for reflection in this) to place him by the side of a man full grown.

It is also significant that Mrs. Atherton constantly employs the figure of the potter and the clay in the headings she places over her chapters devoted to the development of this commonplace character. All the women in the book are set to potter away at it: the singer herself; an old Bavarian princess, and, with conflicting interests to serve, a mature lady of many experiences, the boy's worldly mother, his American mother-in-law to be, and her eighteen-year-old daughter, whom he marries, and who nearly frustrates the plans so elaborately laid for him, indolent and vacillating, in the future. Her he kills by his immature brutality; the singer, ready to sacrifice her art to him, but not that great career of his to her own past, commits suicide; and all this, the pottering, the tragedy, and the self-immolation for the sake of—what? To make a British diplomat out of a very uninteresting youth. He may have within him the roots of the greatness which all these women discern, but Mrs. Atherton fails to reveal them to the reader, who must take her word for it, and cannot. All one can find in this novel is the not unfamiliar, always tragic case of a woman of genius falling in love, in her maturity, with an attractive, insignificant young man—with the magic of youth itself—and endowing him, unworthy, with totally imaginary gifts of intellect and heart out of the abundant treasure of her own ripe temperament.

The book is written with all Mrs. Atherton's occasional deliberate disregard of technique. Dialogue is neglected to a disturbing degree, to make room for interminable stretches of straight narrative and analysis, because, of necessity, the author herself must potter away at her inadequate hero even more industriously than the women of her tale.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VI

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON'S "THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BOY"*

It is rather hard on a six-year-old boy to make him shoulder the responsibility for this book. Although, if there be honour in the title rôle, then "Binks" deserves it, for he is a charming little chap and we very much wish he were the entire book, instead of being only such a small portion of it. There is altogether too much of Binks's papa and mamma. They are such a *very* average couple, so distressingly average, that the realism of the picture amuses at first, but palls finally. Readers with insight and humour sufficient to appreciate Binks would be the last people in the world to choose the company of such a couple as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilbour. The woman is as exasperatingly silly and as amorous as any healthy young commuter who spends only the night hours at home could desire a wife to be. In that respect she fulfils her mission. And the husband's idea of wit appears to consist in his consigning everything and everybody that he does not understand to the insane asylum. Only instead of the simple "Oh, he's (or she's) crazy!" that his prototype in actual life uses for all such cases Mr. Wilbour proves his superiority by using a different and lengthy phrase each time. Herein lies his great wit. As aforesaid, simply as a picture of life, this engaging young couple are not at all badly drawn, only they bore us as they would in life. And what makes them particularly boresome is the fact that the author seems pushing them so fatally in the foreground to advocate some theory. What it is we cannot find out, unless it be a glorification of all that is banal and tiresome and foolish. For when poor silly little Susy finally takes to the certainly harmless, if expensive pastime of amateur farming to fill some of the hours which the non-reading suburban wife would naturally find hang heavy on her hands when her babies have grown beyond her immediate and constant care—and when the occupa-

*The Biography of a Boy. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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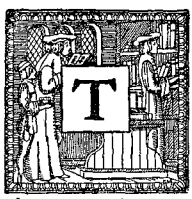
tion with something other than the hang of her skirts and the outline of her hair has matured the little woman until she can really say two consecutive sensible sentences, then she—and the reader—are made vaguely to feel that she has been doing wrong and ought to be punished. Binks is sent away to boarding-school, and we leave Susy about to start on a two months' vacation trip with her prig of a husband.

How a really delightful and clever little chap like Binks could have been born of such parents is one of the mysteries of creation which could almost induce a belief in Special Intervention and in a Personal God. He is such a dear, and some of his sayings are so funny that they have undoubtedly been taken verbatim from life. Also several of the minor characters: the fat Sunday-school teacher, "Eph" the vegetable man, and several others are born of the fine observation and clever power of portrayal that have characterised the best of Mrs. Bacon's books. *J. Marchand.*

THE PERSONAL EDOUARD ROD



HE late Edouard Rod lived in company with ideas. Life came to him second-handed. His existence was neutralised into his class-room, his study, his indoctrinations. His personality was not original, diversified or piquant. It was sane, regular and praiseworthy even to commonplaceness. There were no pegs on which to hang one's human interest.

On the only occasion I ever met him he was afflicted with a severe cold. He was bundled up, stuffed up, blinked up. Letters and life seemed through his eyes and feelings to be clogged up, barred off or at any rate dammed. As often as I have thought of him since, that impression has revived and I have always associated stuffiness and uncomfortableness with his literary legacy and outlook. This may illustrate the defect or danger of Sainte-Beuve's medium of personality in estimating the work of an author. In thinking of this I remember how Madame Judith Gautier told me, in pained wonderment, of being unable ever to imagine why the Goncourts, by virtue of ferreting in the corners or sharpening the angles of a life, represented her father as they did in their *Journal.* He is pictured there so differently from the father she had loved and known for years.

This trivial incident of Monsieur Rod's rheum, however, chances to fit in, in a way, with his innate and incurable pessimism. Yet his pessimism seemed rather but a sort of indigestion of the good things of earth. Success and prosperity were the *plats* from which he partook at the banquet of life, and still he could not but ask constantly, Why eat? Why enjoy? Why live? Far lighter and pleasantly than his quasi-masters Schopenhauer and Leopardi, he was of plainer, more substantial stuff than the typical Parisian sceptics of his day. One need not look to him for any disconsolate force, intensity, isolated grandeur nor, on the other hand, for any pyrrhonic brilliancy and irony. He was never an ironist, though he belonged to the little circle of pungent jesters in the sanctum of the *Journal des Débats.* In truth, he was a genuine professor rather than a genuine literary man, and most truly belonged with Brunetière, Faguet and the rest in the grey, sombre, doctrinal portals of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

Born and reared on the banks of the azure Leman, with his face toward both Germany and France, Monsieur Rod finally decided to be French. In preferring not to develop the exotic within him, and thus not to add a distinctly new segment of horizon to the realm of French letters, he may have missed his greatest opportunity. If he had held himself aloof from and discussed Paris in his

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volumes as he held himself aloof from and discussed his theses, he might have originated a valuable and entertaining work.

His racially hybrid nature partly explains that certain effaced sterility which nearly always marks his ideas, impulses and productions. For instance, he neutralised the Calvinistic element within him by believing, like a royalist Frenchman, that the Holy See is on the whole sufficiently representative and reformative. If one had objected in the presence of Monsieur Rod to the effacement of the individual in the uniformity of Romanism, he would have responded by objecting to the personal wranglings rife in the individualistic Protestant parishes such as he was familiar with in his cherished canton of Vaud.

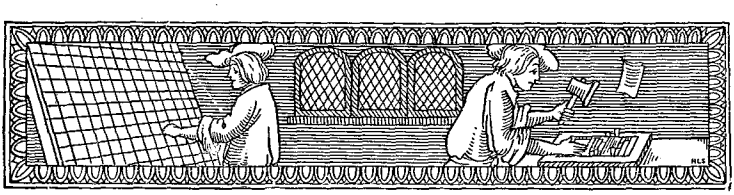
His stories are to be distinguished from the usual French novel by the fact that they are "clean"; yet, highly alive to the moral demands of the Protestant races, he was under the impression, as he told me, that the "immorality" of his fiction was the reason why it had not found a foothold in England and America. As for his own attitude toward religion, he would believe, but *could* not—like almost every psychologist of the Renan group. He was a "Calvinist freethinker."

His pronounced consciousness of *moi*, the source or sign of his as well as of all pessimism, was neither exaggerated, eccentric nor maladif. It was intellectual dilettanteism. His débuts in literature were extremely naturalistic, but he soon revolted against Zola and willingly classified himself with Bourget and Barrès. He was legitimately the truest son of Goethe to be found in the family of contemporary French authors. He characterised Goethe as the father of modern dilettanteism, and indicated himself when he defined a *goethéen* as one who is "above all intelligent or . . . *compréhensif*" because he embraces subjects rather than penetrates them, interests himself in everything for the purpose of enjoying all his faculties, yet gives himself wholly to nothing—who is, in brief, large, tolerant and sympathetic because he is indifferent.

Thus Monsieur Rod's dilettanteism—his rather plethoric, after-dinner indolence and indifference—assumed the guise of intellectual luxury. Now and then he exclaimed against such a fate: *"Ah, trois fois malheur à celui qu' à touché le funeste dilettantisme!"* But the die was cast and nothing was left to him except to make the most of it. And this he did with very good grace, for that matter. After all, like his own Michel Teissier, *il aimait son mal.*

Monsieur Rod was born in 1857, and studied at Berne and Berlin and at the Sorbonne. His belletristic career was divided between Paris and Geneva. He resided for quite a time on the slopes of the Seine at Auteuil, where in his salon, of Sunday afternoons, one could meet many of the literary celebrities of France. He was a rather large man, fine looking, polished in manner, companionable. His voice was very soft and pleasant, and he had talents as a *conférencier*. He never liked teaching and, I think, cared little for the title of erudite. He studied seriously many varied subjects, such as Wagner's æstheticism, contemporary Italian literature, Preraphaelitism; yet he did not permit these exotic chiaroscuros and perspectives to enrich and beautify the grisaille pages of his fiction.

Stuart Henry.



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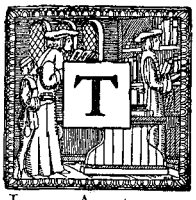
THE TATTLER

I

THE ANN VERONICAS



THE retiring woman who tiptoes through life is rarely encountered nowadays, and her timidity of a gentlewoman is usually misunderstood. You meet her in the pages of Jane Austen, and wonder if there was ever a time when she, in her modest way, was socially regnant. We have just been told by Mr. Labouchère that the epoch of the George Meredith woman is at hand. As well try to revive the radical type of whom Charles Lamb wrote: "A very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles." He thus gracefully alluded to the second Mrs. Godwin, the wife of Shelley's father-in-law. That strong-minded sort is as extinct as the Dodo. Even the Daisy Millers are impossibly ingenuous and ignorant when compared to such a masterful young woman as Ann Veronica Stanley, the heroine of the latest novel by Mr. H. G. Wells. Here in all her efflorescence you get the New Girl, and we confess, apart from any discussion as to her ultimate behaviour or her "immoralism," that the portrait is not very flattering. Perhaps the outcry in England over her morals was partially caused by the disappointment in finding Mr. Wells so impartial a painter. His old friends, the Shaws, the Fabians, the Suffragettes, have nothing to thank him for in his limning of their cheerless utopianism, their hopeless vulgarity, their ineffectual ranting and banting.

In one description of these odd "advanced" souls the Goopes [Mr. Wells owes an apology to Gelett Burgess], the vegetarians, the fruitarians, and the rest of the comical cranks, Matthew Arnold's classic picture of a social science congress [in his essay on Wordsworth] is recalled: the room in the dismal provincial town, bald-headed men, women with spectacles, "What a set!"

But Ann Veronica herself! Is she really the latest avatar of the New Woman? Compared to her sisters in fiction across the channel, to the Marthe of J. H. Rosny in Paris, or to the Lilly of Czepanek of Sudermann in Berlin she is decidedly timid and cockney. That she "went in" for biology, dissected and read "progressive" writers—Shaw, Chesterton, and Wells—did not make her any the less helpless when confronted by the great realties of life, by poverty and the persecution of males. A creature compounded of wide-eyed innocence and invincible science is rather paradoxical. Her author is implacable to her. He dowers her with plenty of sensibility. She is healthy in her instincts, not a fool, and in life would be charmless, but she wants to know. So did Marthe, so did Lilly; we instance this particular pair, preferring to pass over American fiction dealing with similar problems. Marthe was born miserably poor. She soon succumbed, not to vice, but to brute force. She became, through fright and shame, literally a "white slave" of the Paris faubourgs; Lilly, also poor, but born in a musical Bohemian family, drifted from one adventure to another, through sheer weakness of will. Very pretty, pleasure-loving, amiable, she never could say "No!" to a man who asked her to elope. Sudermann has not discovered a national but a universal type. The Lilly Czepaneks of his *Song of Songs* abound in every city; the Lily Barths of Mrs. Wharton are much rarer.

No such life for Ann Veronica. No tumbling into social depths, no passion's slave. Yet, as all roads lead to Rome, so she found the end of every avenue blocked by a man. No mounting to the heights without paying the toll of either matrimony or a "free life." [Free of what?] She is as independent but more reckless than Mr. Shaw's Vivie Warren; determined to carve a career for herself and how she failed and won need not concern us here. How modern she was in preferring the looser tie of free union may be noted in the delicately malicious comment of Mr. Wells: "Modern indeed! She was going to be as primordial as chipped flint." The case would not be put more neatly. In a word, the New Woman who disdains matrimony is not only letting down the bars of a safe-

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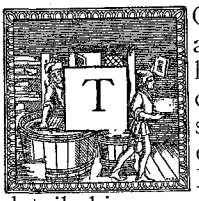
guarding institution, thereby endangering her status as a free agent, but she is not even original; she is a reversion, an atavistic, a throw-back to the herd-woman of prehistoric times. Evidently Ann Veronica hadn't read Westermarck on marriage, though she did speak irreverently of herself as an "etherialised monkey." In reality she was a little pedant in petticoats.

She was, however, "complex" enough to adore Wagner. Only one wishes that Mr. Wells had not succumbed to the temptation of imitating Mr. George Moore and his *Evelyn Inness*. It may be remembered that in the first writing of that thrice written novel Evelyn is carried beyond her moral depths at a performance of *Tristan und Isolde*. Copying Mr. Moore—very much at a distance—Mr. Wells sends Ann Veronica to the opera at Covent Garden in company with a cultivated satyr. Why poor old *Tristan*, the most moral of music-dramas if you think of *Salome* or *Faust*? With Tolstoy it is the innocuous *Kreutzer Sonata* for violin and piano that is supposed to work havoc with the evil passions of mankind. And how much Mr. Wells knows of Wagner may be seen when he brings King Marke on the stage among the sailors at the close of the first act of *Tristan und Isolde*. Did he mistake Kurwenal for Mark? He had rather stick to his Martians. Nevertheless, Ann Veronica must "drain her dree" and the exotic music of Wagner almost precipitates a psychical catastrophe. Then she goes in for suffrage, is arrested, imprisoned, and is glad to return to the rooftree of her father. Again, the memory of Mr. Wells is remarkable. Chapter XIV is called "The Collapse of the Penitent." Hasn't he read the little story of Frederick Wedmore of the same title?

Ann Veronica has an experience, though, concerning the poor among whom she had lived, "it did not occur to her that save for some accidents of education and character they had souls like her own." She was like so many other high-minded twentieth century maidens who see themselves incarnate as the exceptional case." She wants the privilege of throwing her bonnet over the moon, still retaining her social caste—and she doesn't know how to do the trick. She was forbidden a masked ball at a studio, dull and innocent enough, no doubt; but that parental command is the touchstone of the book. She disobeyed. She regretted when she had scorched her spiritual shins. She ran off with a married man. Her case is the common, not the exceptional one; and the underlying irony of Mr. Wells must have mightily wounded his radical English friends and admirers. The novel is full of Ibsen, Nietzsche and Tolstoy, and Meredith—in some of the dialogues; the genial figure of G. B. S. in baggy trousers, carrying in one hand a camera, in the other a carrot—symbols of his æsthetic culture—looms in the misty background of London. Maybe *Ann Veronica* is not as big a story as *Tono-Bungay;* maybe its doctrines make for anything but philistine morality; nevertheless, in the rush, rustle and swelter of the swift narrative, the mocking voice of Mr. Wells may be thus overheard: Here is your New Girl. She is as old as the Stone Age. She is clever but promiscuous. She demands the earth and the fulness thereof. And when she gets everything she asks for she will be as contented as she is to-day in 1910. We fear that the Ann Veronicas we shall always have with us. They are the firstlings of "new" social regimes, and after they settle down, usually they become sedate matrons and the ornaments of happy households. *James Huneker.*

II

ON THE WITNESS STAND



TO one who profoundly admires Tolstoy's art, his novels are so crowded with acute observation of life, that every sentence is a text. For all his inexhaustible detail, his perceptions always ring true, and the most subtle intuitions he flings out in a sentence, for the reader to take or leave as he sees fit. I am thinking now of an observation of surprising fertility which occurs in Part V of *Anna Karénina*. On re-reading this remarkable book

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I was thrown into meditation by a certain short paragraph, because I found therein a hint of what has long been a puzzling matter of concern to me. Please feel no disappointment; above all, have no suspicion of flippancy, when I explain that the vague emotion shared by Tolstoy and me springs from the curious and altogether unique spectacle of a man's mouth busily at work behind his whiskers! Anna's son is conversing with the tall old porter, when the boy "fell to dreaming, gazing up at the face of the porter, which he had thoroughly studied in every detail, especially the chin, that hung down between the grey whiskers, never seen by any one but Seryozha, who saw him only from below." With that luminous flash, the author leaves the pregnant theme of bewhiskered mouths, but we believe that further enlightenment may be extracted. It is the duty of lesser artisans to fashion useful articles from the chips fallen from the master's chisel, and the fact which Tolstoy hints at, but does not emphasise, is that the masculine mouth grown used to life in the bushes, screened from the gaze of any but the most prying, takes on an anomalous character. It is neither an external nor an internal organ, or rather it is both, and it becomes the most extraordinarily expressive feature just because it is in ambush, and thinks itself forgotten. It was clever of Tolstoy to remember how a chin so draped takes on an inordinately wagging character to a child who sees it from below. Nothing but measurements, a plotted curve of waggings, can *prove* that a whiskered chin moves more than one clean-shaven. Nevertheless, any one whose attention has been turned hither will be convinced, that not only this is true, but that the lips and all the muscles thereabouts have an agility when in hiding that they soon lose when exposed to the light of day. I say *soon,* but not immediately, for it requires several days for the hitherto bearded man who decides to follow Gibson models, to lose that sensitive twitching, that treacherous quiver which brands the mouth new shaved. It will not take long for it to learn the stoical calm of the nose, the non-committal quietude of ears—but in these few fleeting hours it palpitates with every passing thought, and betrays itself to any curious watcher.

We are all familiar with the hero of romance, who stands outwardly at ease, while the author informs us that in point of fact "his heart is in his mouth," or "in his boots," or "it sinks to the pit of his stomach," "his brain whirls," "his gorge rises," "his blood congeals to ice," etc., etc. All this time the hero is smiling cynically, and no one but the author and the reader can guess his internal agitation. Under his protecting skin there is no end to the antics possible for his vital organs. They may all change places; and yet, to use a vulgarism, so long as he "keeps his shirt on," none of his audience is the wiser. His internals, by the divine law of compensation, make up for their dark and otherwise tiresome quarters by playing leap-frog unobserved. Not so his face—ah no! Never a feature but is calm, never a hint from that smooth brow of what is going on below.

Now it is ever the habit of Science to tear away the props of romance, and scatter our fond idols to the wind. It has been borne in upon us these last few years that this high carnival of internal organs is at an end. Where is our privacy if, upon denying that we fired the fatal shot, the sphygmograph is clapped to our pulse, and our tell-tale heart by its thumping proves that we lie? Of what use to cultivate composure, if the pneumograph catches and records on a revolving drum each flutter of a lung that hitherto has sported unobserved? Surely the way of the transgressor becomes steadily harder. Formerly he could lie with his face, while all his invisible members were whispering the truth. Now all his body is called to witness, and his tongue is counted the least convincing of them all.

I might seem to show a sympathy with crime. If so, it is only the sentimental fondness for an old order, when the new has come upon us. To prove, on the contrary, that my real position is on the side of law and order, I venture to make a suggestion—one that has sprung from the opening observation of this paper, and which shows the obvious rationality toward which all great devices aim. It is

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well known that all technique advances from the complex to the simple—conspicuously so in criminal procedure. In the early days the rack flourished. Later there developed trials milder but hardly less exhausting, where, nevertheless, a sturdy offender could still keep his secrets. Then came the experimental psychologist with his chronoscopes and electric reaction recorders; and as a still further advance, I suggest in his place—the barber!

The records of the psychologist may be convincing, but they are not dramatic. The public is always the final judge, and but few have any notion, after the experimenters' calculations are complete, what it all has been about. The public has a tender conscience, and it becomes confused at hanging a man because of an irregular curve on smoked paper! If a combination of X-rays and moving pictures had been possible, so that one could see upon the screen the criminal's heart leaping to his throat as the fatal question was put to him, that would be a different matter. But here comes the advantage of my scheme. It combines accuracy with art, and appeals equally to the reason of the acute and the emotions of the populace. Our criminal, ornamented with dashing moustachios, lounges carelessly on the stand. Years of law-breaking are behind him, and long practice has made him such a master of his exterior, that not an eyelash betrays the anxiety of his soul. But no man, however brazen, faces the scaffold with inward calm, and the riot externally suppressed is raging fitfully within.

At this point the judge announces solemnly, "Shave him!" The lights are turned out, save for one vivid ray levelled on the face of the suspected man. Up steps the court barber amid the hush of the spectators, and with swift dexterity the curling mask of whiskers is shaved away. What do we see? It is as if the heart were uncovered, or the spleen with all its venom laid bare! An internal organ has become a visible one. Those quivering betrayals are hid no longer. Muscles so long involuntarily controlled cannot at once be governed by the will, and the malice, the deceit, the bravado, which lurked unseen before, are greeted with howls of derision by the panting crowds. A mirror is held before the unlucky wretch, and one glance at his tell-tale mouth sends him groaning to his knees!

Why attempt to measure the obscurer movements of the hidden frame, when the mouth is twitching out its story for all to read?

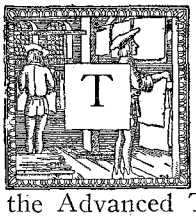
Let no light-minded reader suggest that our criminal might not have a decorated countenance, and hence our plan be powerless. Who ever heard of a pirate without moustachios, of murderers who did not depend for escape upon a face disguised in hair? Those young at crime, who come into the court-room before their cheeks have roughened, deserve a gentler treatment in any case. Our plan is intended as the last resort for hardened sinners whose lies cannot otherwise be detected. Be sure that their lives have been too busy and their faces too unpopular to warrant them a daily shave!

As to the feminine criminal, what shall we say? Has she not in all history been the most imperturbable and inscrutable of liars? Need we seek any farther for the reason than this? Nature never hides her most expressive organ, so it is ever on the alert. Her sentry has no box where he may retire for a nap. She sleeplessly controls the whole frontier. Therefore on woman is the barber helpless. On her let the experimental psychologist do his worst!

Eleanor H. Rowland.

III

THE VAGARIES OF "ADVANCED THOUGHT."



THE cause of Woman's Suffrage would be well worth all the agitation it has caused were it only possible to draft into the ranks of its adherents that uneasy sisterhood, the Advanced Thinkers, and keep them busy there, for although the name claims intellectual superiority, yet the disciples of Advanced Thought are not noticeable for a remarkable brain development.

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The watchword of the progressive sister is a cry against "conventionality," which she does not recognise as the force which holds society together, but considers as a hindrance to mental development. She has the greatest contempt for the received forms of the Christian religion, considers all dogma a restraint upon the intellect, and, having once met an "Adept" at a studio tea who assured her that he was living entirely upon dates, being in training, so to speak, for the Higher Life, she immediately called herself a Buddhist. In spite of her intellect having thrown off all dogmatic fetters in order that its powers may come to a maturity otherwise unattainable, she is a firm believer in Madame Blavatsky's supernatural powers and a regular "investigator" of every mind-reader, palmist, and medium that she can get hold of or that can get hold of her. She is awe-struck at the wonderful powers of Mrs. Piper and has even been known to consult that gifted person, at great expense, at some crisis in her own affairs. Fifty years ago the advanced woman was a devout follower of Emerson and Alcott, who were considered unorthodox enough to satisfy the cravings of the most towering intellect; to-day they would be considered distinctly behind the times and the woman who quoted them as spiritual teachers would be laughed at.

A luncheon party of these advanced thinkers will afford an ordinary woman food for wonder and amusement and the views expressed there are a revelation to the simple-minded. In such a festivity a Rank Outsider participated not long ago, for the first and probably the last time. The company included an actress who considered herself the best living exponent of "the intellectual drama"; a college woman of many degrees who conducted very fashionable and successful classes for girls and whose intellect was supposed to be little short of gigantic; a woman who lectured on any subject from The Renaissance to Recent Remarkable Novels, and a padding of spell-bound admirers. The Outsider had mentioned having been the preceding Sunday to hear the celebrated English bishop who was then visiting the country, and was somewhat nettled by the supercilious air with which this was greeted. The Lecturer, with the air of one making concessions to intellectual weakness, took up the topic of religion and was soon in full swing. Christianity, she declared, entirely outworn and only fit for minds in a low state of development. It had answered its purpose and was ready to be discarded in favour of some system less restraining to the intellect. For her part she inclined to think that Buddhism was to be the religion of the future, and that its superiority to Christianity could be easily demonstrated.

"And how about the caste system?" asked the Outsider. "Do you think a religion that forbids, as does the Brahmin, even contact with a lower class of our fellow-creatures, superior to Christianity?"

This was something of a poser, for The Brotherhood of Man is a favourite subject with the advanced ones. Had the Lecturer known that the Brahmins are not Buddhists she could have retorted effectively, but the Outsider had counted on her ignorance of this fundamental fact and the honours remained with her. At this moment a discussion arose at the other end of the room, the question was divorced, and soon every tongue was wagging, for this is a topic upon which the advanced ones are fluent. The privilege of loving wherever and whomever one choses, the right to run away with another woman's husband, and the ennobling effect of that act upon the character, are strongly upheld by the sisterhood, perhaps with less danger to the community in that few of them possess the seductive charm necessary to such a proceeding, while the husbands of the married minority are of a type which renders them safe from any sentimental advances. Presently the voice of the Instructor of Youth was heard as she related in impressive tones the touching story of a cousin of hers who had the misfortune to fall in love with his friend's wife and the nerve to tell him of it. Overcome by the high-minded nature of this proceeding, the husband consented to a readjustment of affairs, and the lady repaired to South Dakota to go through with the necessary prelim-

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inaries. As soon as these were concluded she returned to New York, married the friend and began life on the new basis. "My dear," added the Instructor of Youth in feeling tones, "it's a perfectly ideal arrangement. She keeps the children and takes them every Sunday afternoon to see their father and *he always kisses her.*"

At the relation of this proof of magnanimity a low murmur of admiration arose from all present with the exception of the Outsider, who, feeling herself out of place in this rarefied moral and intellectual atmosphere, departed, leaving the guests behind her to enjoy that sense of intellectual superiority which always follows a defiance of the conventionalities.

These devotees of untrammelled thought who reject Christianity because of the demands made upon humanity's faith in the unseen, are credulity itself when it comes to any new religion, especially if preached by a man in a turban. Not long ago an Oriental who announced himself as a Mohammedan, called the faithful to prayer in Arabic three times a day from a turret in Union Square. The advanced ones were delighted with this, and the follower of Mahomet might have scored heavily had not a professor of Eastern languages happened to hear his call and pronounced it gibberish.

It is very improbable that real Orientalism is ever taught here, or that the Western mind could grasp it if it were. An Englishman, long resident in India, was told by a friend of his, a learned Hindoo, that although he was a sufficiently good astronomer to calculate eclipses and understood the geography of the heavens, that he still accepted, and should teach his small son, the Hindoo belief that an eclipse of the moon was caused by a dog swallowing it, and the Englishman goes on to comment on the impossibility of a European comprehending such a mind. And this being true of natural science, it is so unlikely that the Western mind could ever adapt itself to the subtleties of the Oriental philosophy, that it is very doubtful if anything but the very simplest forms of Eastern thought are ever taught in this country, the more so as the would-be followers of Buddha are seldom drawn from the scholarly classes.

It is quite possible that some of these people may have a slight interest in the subject of comparative religion, but if so, it is a half-pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack. They are not minded so much to advance steadily in the consideration of unseen things as to look down upon those to whom the old paths afford a satisfactory way. Hence this bubble of unreality in which they dwell happily until it collapses at the prick of the needle of common-sense

Mary K. Ford.

THE BOOK MART

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New Zealand in Evolution. Industrial, Economic and Political. By Guy H. Scholefield. With an Introduction by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves.
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Northern Germany. As Far as the Bavarian and Austrian Frontiers. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.
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The Torch Press:
Quantrill and the Border Wars. By William Elsey Connelley.

A. Wessels:
Trailing and Camping in Alaska. By Addison M. Powell.

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The Stone House at Gowanus. Scene of the Battle of Long Island, Stirling's Headquarters, Cornwallis's Redoubt, Occupied by Washington. Colonial Residence of Dutch Architecture. Built by Nicholas Vechte, 1699. By Georgia Fraser.

EDUCATIONAL

The American Book Company:
Select Essays of Elia. (Gateway Series.) By Charles Lamb. Edited by John F. Genung.
Plane Geometry Developed by the Syllabus Method. By Eugene Randolph Smith, A.M.
Pupil's Notebook and Study Outline in Roman History. By Edna M. McKinley, Ph.B.

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Psychology and the Teacher. By Hugo Münsterberg.

Cochrane Publishing Company:
The Educational System of Pennsylvania. By J. M. Yetter, A.M., Pd.D.

T. Y. Crowell and Company:
Shorter French Texts. General Editor, J. E. Manison. Twenty-four volumes recently issued.

Ginn and Company:
The Tragedy of Hamlet. The Comedy of the Tempest. (The New Hudson Shakespeare.)

Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.):
Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year Ended June 30, 1909. Volume I.

D. C. Heath and Company:
The Manual Arts. For Elementary Schools. Drawing, Design, Construction. By C. S. Hammock and A. G. Hammock.

Henry Holt and Company:
The House of the Heart and Other Plays for Children. Designed for Use in the Schools. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.
Selections from the Works of Samuel Johnson. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Charles Grosvenor Osgood.
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Tres Comedias Modernas. En Un Acto Y En Prosa. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary. By Frederic William Morrison, M.A.
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G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):
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Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. By A. E. H. Love, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.

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The Teaching of Latin in Secondary Schools. By Eugene A. Hecker.

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Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by William Allan Neilson, Ph.D.
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The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens.
Actions and Reactions. By Rudyard Kipling. (Vol. XXIV of the Outward Bound Edition of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling.)
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Prince Madog. Discoverer of America. A Legendary Story. By Joan Dane.

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Mary's Adventures on the Moon. By A. Stowell Worth.

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First at the North Pole, or Two Boys in the Arctic Circle. By Edward Stratemeyer.

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'Tilda Jone's Orphans. By Marshall Saunders.

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Sixty-Five on Time. By Jean K. Baird.
The Auto Boys' Outing. By James A. Braden.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Boy Pioneers. Sons of Daniel Boone. By D. C. Beard.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:
The Boy's Book of Airships. By H. Delacombe.
Birds of the World. By Charles R. Knight and Ella Hardcastle.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:
The Junior Republic. Its History and Ideals. By William R. George.
Women in Industry. A Study in American Economic History. By Edith Abbott, Ph.D.
The History of French Literature. From the Oath of Strasburg to Chanticler. By Annie Lemp Konta.
Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany. By Robert M. Wernaer.
Girl and Woman. By Caroline Wormeley Latimer, M.D., M.A.

The Arakelyan Press (Boston):
Searchlights. By George W. Coleman.

Ariel Press (Westwood, Mass.):
Echoes and Prophecies. Dramatic Sparks Struck from the Anvil of the Times by the Hammer of the Spirit. By V. D. Hyde-Vogl.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Haven. Phillpotts. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Powder Puff. Blei. (Duffield.) $1.25.
4. The Candle and the Wind. Divers. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. China. Thomson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.50.
2. My Recollections. Cardigan. (Lane.) $3.50.
3. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.
4. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. First at the Pole. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
2. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Equal Suffrage. Sumner. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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JUVENILES

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BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. With Christ in Palestine. Schofield. (Fenno.) $1.25.
2. Journals of Emerson. Emerson and Forbes. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.
3. Dawn by Galilee. Connor. (Doran.) 35 cents.
4. One Day and Another. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Christopher Hibbault. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.00.
2. Book of Operas. Krehbiel. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. When America Won Liberty. Jenks. (Crowell.) $1.25.
2. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. Can You Believe Me Stories. Aspinwall. (Dutton.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. Silent Battle. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Astronomy from a Dipper. Clarke. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Old Boston Ways and Days. Crawford (Little, Brown.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. By Reef and Trail. Ames. (Brown & Page.) $1.50.
2. John of the Woods. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Can You Believe Me Stories. Aspinwall. (Dutton.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Through the Wall. Moffat. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

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5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Billy To-morrow. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) $1.20.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. When You and I Were Kids. Marriner. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. American Girls. Fisher. (Scribner.) $3.50.
4. The Violet Book. (Jacobs.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy Dainty Series. Brook. (Lothrop.) $1.00.
2. Rockspur Series. Patten. (McKay.) 50 cents.
3. Winning His Way to West Point. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Island of Regeneration. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion of the Future. Eliot. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
2. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Christian Religion as a Healing Power. Worcester and McComb. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
4. A New Heaven and a New Earth. Paterson. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. A Junior on the Line. Hart. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Glenlock Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Boys and Girls of '77. Smith. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Drake. Noyes. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Billy To-morrow. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Florentine Frame. Robins. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
2. Roses. Sudermann. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Romantic Movement in English Literature. Symons. (Dutton.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Men Who Found America. Hutchinson. (Stern.) $1.50.
3. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Land of Long Ago. Hale. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Character. Carmac. (McQuiddy Print. Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. How to Identify Stars. Milham. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.
4. Longfellow's Country. Clarke. (Baker, Taylor.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. Smith. (Harper.) $1.30.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.
2. Oriental Rubaiyat. Hanscom. (Dodge.) $6.00.
3. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
4. Old New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

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6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Glenloch Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Their Heart's Desire. Perry and Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. Girls of To-Day. Underwood. (Stokes.) $3.00.
4. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Janet at Odds. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Forty Minutes Late. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Practical Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times. Sale. (Lippincott.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Ralph Osborne. Beach. $1.50.
2. On the Gridiron. Williams. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. A Little Girl in Old Pittsburg. Douglas. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Knight of the Wilderness. Gale. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Conquest of the Missouri. Hansen. (McClurg.) $2.00.
2. Peloubet's Notes. Peloubet. (Wiley.) $1.25.
3. Woman's Home Cook Book. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. How It Is Made. (Nelson.) $1.25.
2. The Air Ship Boys. Sailor. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
3. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Sparrows. Newte. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Grip of the Nyika. Patterson. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) $7.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Redemption of Kenneth Galt. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Girl and Woman. Latimer. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Lost Christ. Smith. (Doran.) 25 cents.

Juveniles

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Bear Detectives. Eaton. (Stern.) $1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Fiction

1. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) $1.20.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lantern of Luck. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Going Down from Jerusalem. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Hunter's Camp Fire. Horne. (Harper.) $5.00.
4. The Conquest of the Missouri. Hansen. (McClurg.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. West Point Cadets. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
4. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.00.

Juveniles

1. With Pickpole and Peavey. Burleigh. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Up-Grade. Goodwin. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Tyrant. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Modern City. Kirk. (University of Chicago.) $2.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Bailey's Poems. Bailey. (Preston & Rounds.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Boys' Life of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

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5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession. Mumford. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
2. Riley Roses. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
3. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Little Colonel's Good Times. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. (Page.) Scribner. $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Essays on Modern English Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The German Element in the U. S. Faust. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
3. Ethics of Jesus. Stalker. (Armstrong.) $1.75.
4. The Day of the Cross. Clow. (Doran.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Girl Graduate. (Riley & Britton.) $1.50.
2. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Faust. Goethe. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.25.
4. Boston Cooking School. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Foot Ball, Sr. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.20.
2. Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset.) 45 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. A Certain Rich Man. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
4. France and the French. Barker. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Flute of the Gods. Ryan. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. Ballade of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
3. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Shaler's Autobiography. Shaler. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When She Came Home from College. Hurd and Wilson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.15.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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3. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
3. Boston Cooking School Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
4. Peloubet's Sunday-School Notes. (Wilde.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Billy Whiskers Series. (Saalfield.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Attic Guest. Knowles. (Frowde.) $1.25.
4. Northern Lights. Parker. (Copp, Clark Co.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright (McLeod.) $1.25.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (McLeod.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Canada. Laut. (Briggs.) $2.00.
2. The New North. Cameron. (Briggs.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Through the Wall. Moffet. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Annapolis Second Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Peloubet's Notes. Peloubet. (Wilde.) $1.25.
2. Inns and Taverns of Old London. Shelley. (Page.) $3.00.
3. Old Boston Days and Ways. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Boys and Girls of '77. Smith. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	182
2.	The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50	140
3.	John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50	128
4.	Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20	127
5.	Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50	125
6.	The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50 Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	100

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO LISTS
The Foreigner	8
The Calling of Dan Matthews	6
When a Man Marries	6
A Certain Rich Man	6
The Silver Horde	4
Little Sister Snow	4
John Marvel, Assistant	4
Truxton King	3
Passers-By	3
Lord Loveland Discovers America	3
It Never Can Happen Again	3
Anne of Avonlea	3
Bella Donna	2
Lords of High Decision	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO LISTS
Passers-By	10
Lord Loveland Discovers America	8
John Marvel, Assistant	7
Bella Donna	6
The Foreigner	4
Truxton King	4
When a Man Marries	4
The Silver Horde	4
A Certain Rich Man	3
Anne of Avonlea	3
It Never Can Happen Again	2
Old Rose and Silver	2
Song of Songs	2
A Girl of the Limberlost	2
The Furnace of Gold	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO LISTS
When a Man Marries	4
Little Sister Snow	4
John Marvel, Assistant	4
The Silver Horde	3
Truxton King	2
A Girl of the Limberlost	2
Flower of the Dusk	2
Lord Loveland Discovers America	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
Open Country	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO LISTS
When a Man Marries	9
Truxton King	5
The Silver Horde	5
The Foreigner	5
A Certain Rich Man	4
Lord Loveland Discovers America	4
John Marvel, Assistant	3
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
Passers-By	2
A Girl of the Limberlost	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
A Junior on the Line	Arabian Nights	Betty Wales & Co.	College Years
Patty's Pleasure Trip	Double Play	Ralph Osborne	Billy Tomorrow
The Road to Oz	First at the Pole	On the Gridiron	Arabian Nights
Double Play	By Reef and Trail	The Road to Oz	Foot Ball, Sr.
With Pickpole and Peavey	The Bear Detectives	Arabian Nights	Men Who Found America

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
A Wanderer in Paris	Out of Doors in the Holy Land	Why Worry?	Stanley's Autobiography
The Spell of Italy	A Wanderer in Paris	Their Hearts' Desire	The Human Way
Tremendous Trifles	The Heart of the Antarctic	The Spell of Italy	The Blue Bird
Canada	China	The Human Way	Love Lyrics
Labrador	Labrador	Practical Bridge	The Spirit of Youth

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